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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

This "Prime" Minister

England Arise! And KNOW what to do

So that there may be no mistake, this is the telegram which I sent to the Prime Minister on April 6th. There is a rumour going round that the reason the Prime Minister could not accept my offer was because I made impossible conditions. This is **ABSOLUTELY FALSE**. I made **NO CONDITIONS**—excepting the condition that the £200,000 was to be spent on the **DEFENCE OF LONDON**.

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

I **ALONE** have dared to point out the dire need and necessity for an Air Defence for London. You have muzzled others who have deplored this shameful neglect—for London is the only Capital in Europe without any Air Defence—and for the last four months my Offer of £200,000 to supply this crying need has been before you and your Government but has been ignored because I have spoken the Truth about you—your amour propre being of more importance in your own eyes than the safety of London.

THEREFORE, with my heart full of sorrow and despair I am, at last, forced to withdraw this Offer. You have treated my patriotic gesture with a contempt such as no other Government in the World would or could have been guilty of towards a Patriot.

YOU have flippantly behaved as if my Offer was a personal matter—only concerning yourself—but the safety of London is of the gravest National importance to every Englishman and Englishwoman the wide world over and as such the Prime Minister of England ought to consider it.

On the 7th of April—THIS "PRIME" MINISTER ACTUALLY HAD THE COLOSSAL IMPERTINENCE TO TELL YOU—YOU MUST BE AIR MINDED!!!!

Notes of the Week

Socialist Ban on Empire Day

Alderman Hill, the Socialist chairman of the London County Council Education Committee, did a useful piece of work in banning Empire Day celebration in the Council schools. No flags, no uniforms and no fun, have taught the children what to expect of Socialism, and in thousands of working-class homes there were, we may be sure, bitter and angry comments by the children as well as by their mothers. For the sake of a silly and spiteful gesture Mr. Hill will have done irreparable damage not to the Empire but to the Socialist Party. The sort of man who bans Empire Day invariably has strange leanings towards the Russian Soviet tyrants, and everything that weakens or embarrasses the nation. The ban mattered little of course except to the little ones done out of their enjoyment and pleasure, because, except for the L.C.C. offices with a stark bare flagstaff and the schools never before have so many buildings proudly flown the Union Jack. It is as well to give the Socialists a little rope, for they are certain to hang themselves before long.

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British Legion Tactics

It is very regrettable that the British Legion, in their annual Conference at Weston-Super-Mare, were not honoured with the presence of Prince George. Whatever might or might not have been the cause which decided His Royal Highness not to appear, it seems an extraordinary matter that Sir Frederick Maurice, the President, had had the Prince's letter in his pocket for ten days before, and produced it suddenly and unexpectedly. The critics of the present administration were, as one of their delegates said, stampeded. They were left in a position of stupefaction, and as a result the points at issue between the two sections were swept away. The conduct of the dismissed Editor, which it was said would be fully debated, was not even embarked upon. On the contrary the Conference saw red for the time being, but later on grave uneasiness took its place. Was it wise for the British Legion Headquarter authorities to give the impression that they used unorthodox means to stifle an awkward discussion?

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The Trouble To-Day

The trouble in the British Legion covers many matters, but perhaps it may be said that there are a considerable number of members to-day who feel that the Legion is not pulling its full weight or doing what the public have a right to expect of it. Until a few years ago the sneer was commonly uttered that the Legion existed for the three "B's"—Beer, Buns, and Billiards. It was believed to be

far too complacent towards the Government in regard to ex-service issues. When Mr. Carroll, the Editor of the *British Legion Journal*, took over, he "gingered" up things, and in 1933 attacked in a strong article the conduct of the Ministry of Pensions towards ex-service pensioners. This article was greatly approved by the rank and file, but Headquarters made the Editor in his next issue retract the charges.

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Grave Dissatisfaction

Not only this. It is claimed by the critics that this retraction was carried through by the personal intervention of the Prime Minister himself. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in other words wanted to hush up unpleasant charges against the conduct of the Pensions Ministry. A luncheon was given by the Legion to Major Tryon, the Minister of Pensions, at which Col. Crosfield, an ex-chairman, offered a grovelling apology to the Minister for the attack. The authorities then set up a Censorship Committee and decreed that nothing on pensions matters must be published until they had approved it. Friction of this sort must come to a head. There is something about the Legion's administration which has caused grave dissatisfaction and it cannot be cured by stampeding the members, as Sir F. Maurice did with Prince George's letter.

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Red Trade Tactics

It is amusing to see how the Soviets of Russia are trying to creep back within the circle of civilised Powers. They are buying scrap iron wherever they can lay their hands on it with money that England is foolish enough to spend in their country, and Litvinoff is doing his best to get some sort of trade agreement with Germany and Italy. I think these two countries will burn their fingers, like everybody else does who deals with Stalin. Even Sir John Simon and Mr. Baldwin and, of course, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald show signs of being allured by Russian trade, which is purely illusory, and at the expense of British manufacturers absorbs so much of our ready money. Have we not enough wood in the Empire and have we not sufficient skilled carpenters who can make cheap window-frames, doors and coffins, without dabbling with the prison-labours of these dirty Communists? Such dealings are not only anti-humanitarian, but economically disastrous.

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Banks or Cranks?

To turn from Russia to our own country, Kerensky-Cripps is endeavouring to teach his revolutionary politics to the already distracted Labour Party. In his address to the Annual Conference of the Socialist League, which was held at Leeds, he put his finger upon the vital point of the Capitalist system, which he indicated required

correction. With perfect accuracy he declared that the first object of the Socialist party was to gain control over money, trade and land. With regard to land, if the Socialists squat upon the fair lands of the British farmer, they will find themselves in the wrong box, or, rather, they will find themselves in the nearest pond. With regard to credit and money, by which they mean the control of the Banks, neither Kerensky-Cripps nor his followers seem to have grasped the fact that the Banks have little or no money of their own. The proportion of a Bank's capital which has been subscribed by shareholders is very small in proportion to their liabilities, that is, to the money lent to them by depositors, which they, the banks, lend out again at a much higher rate. A Bank is successful in proportion to the confidence it inspires in the public. Does it never occur to Kerensky-Cripps that nobody will entrust their savings to the keeping of a bank whose loans are directed by a Committee of the Labour Party or the Trades Union? A wise man will say he would rather keep his savings in a stocking, or in a hole in the ground, or perhaps in a foreign bank. A safe security for the investor will certainly be found for his money, but I can confidently say it will not be in a Labour-controlled bank. Nothing but hard fact will convince the Crippses of this world of the truth of this elementary proposition. The public may have to learn it at the cost of a short and sharp revolution. I believe not, because money and brains are always too much for mere muscle. The original Kerensky had a very short reign, and he at last was protected by women, from whom he fled ignominiously. Let us hope a nobler end awaits Sir Stafford Cripps. May I be there to see!

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A "Miserable Adventure"

In his speech last week in the House of Commons on foreign policy, Sir John Simon refused to take the view that at Geneva "we were at the end of a miserable adventure." It would have been much more honest if he had confessed that the Government had indeed reached the end of what may truthfully be called a miserable business. As regards Disarmament, Sir John's main topic, the policy of the Government has wobble-wobbled, as everybody now knows, from side to side—adventure is much too fine a word to describe such a course of fatuous meandering as was pursued, but that it was miserable, that is, dreary, unhappy, uninspired and hopeless from start to finish, is merely a matter of record. Two years' failure sums up the whole sorry affair.

Sir John admitted that the Government was going back to Geneva *without a plan*! What an admission! Does it not say everything? And fancy our ineffable Ramsay without a plan—what is the world coming to? Actually, Sir John said, "we" are going to Geneva to listen to others.

Russia to Intervene?

Referring to the expected breakdown of the Disarmament Conference next week Sir John excelled himself in his devotion to the obvious when he remarked that, if that occurred, the House must not conclude that it would be the end of all things. In our view it might well be the beginning of better things, of a period less marked by pretence, hypocrisy and downright mendacity. But it may be that something will be attempted to keep the moribund Conference from death and decent burial. For Comrade Litvinoff, the Soviet Foreign Commissar, suddenly descended on Geneva at the week-end, and rumour asserts he has some sort of plan—just what is not yet clear, but it appears to be closely connected with the entry of the Soviet into the League of Nations, probably in September next. Well, the League is *capable de tout*, if it comes to a question of its existence. We never had a high opinion of it, but it will crown itself with infamy if it admits that horror of horrors, the Soviet, among its members.

A fresh and frightful example of Bolshevik mentality is seen in the case of a boy of 13 who has been given cash rewards by the Soviet for betraying his mother's theft of grain from a collective farm, though in all probability she stole to feed her starving children.

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Characteristic

It was entirely in keeping with the history of the League that the Council last week played safety when it berated Liberia for slavery; but it never has said a thing respecting the far worse slavery that obtains in Soviet Russia, the reason for its silence being simply that it dare not talk to a Big Power in the way it talks to the little insignificant Negro republic. However bad conditions are in Liberia they cannot be so bad as in Russia, where some half a million Communists who support Stalin and his gang are well fed, while the 160 odd millions of poor people who are outside the fold are systematically starved, and lead the most wretched of lives. And was there not in the brave words of Mr. Eden about the trade in armaments in the Gran Chaco War something specious and hypocritical? Was he not battering at an open door or striking at the empty air? For who on earth is going to admit his guilt in this respect—rather, who thinks he is really guilty? It is a trade, after all, and it is of no use saying it should be put down—in these far from piping times of peace. It can't be!

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Trust the Government!

In the debate on foreign policy last week Service members who spoke after Sir John demanded, as well they might, an immediate increase in British armaments, particularly air armaments. Mr. Baldwin in reply repeated, parrot-like, his pledge,

but managed to go a little farther by stating that as regards Air, preliminary work was being done, but gave no hint what that work was. "You must trust the Government," he said. For our part, we do *not* trust the Government. We deprecate panic quite as much as he does, but all the same the plain fact is that England stands open to attack; and who is responsible? Mr. Baldwin, more than any other man.

We hear that the preliminary work covers four of our great ports, including London, but we did not hear that Lady Houston is to be asked to repeat her exceptionally generous offer of £200,000 for the protection of the capital. Strange, isn't it?

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Olympia Air Raids

The ingenious "air raid" which forms part of the Royal Tournament at Olympia has been welcomed as a means of informing the public of the dangers of aerial defencelessness, and it is certainly realistic. But it is not the public that needs this information; it is the politicians. The public has already made known its wishes on this matter; that the Royal Air Force should be sufficiently large and sufficiently well equipped with the most up-to-date aeroplanes to be able to deal effectively with any possible enemy. It is the politicians who ignore the public's wishes and who put forward any excuse to allow them to continue talking while other nations build up their air forces to greater and greater strengths.

Certainly Mr. Baldwin's "pledge," given in the House of Commons last week, suggests that, at last, the gravity of the situation is gradually seeping into the minds of our statesmen, but it has taken an unconscionable long time, and pledges are not much good unless they are kept. Intensive research and the building up of the air force to numerical parity with any other air power in the world are the two essentials. If that mock air raid were enacted daily at Westminster perhaps there would be more chance of those essentials being noted.

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Democracy Dying?

Two revolutions within a week is certainly pretty good going; though they occurred in lands far apart, they seem at bottom to have the same object in view, namely, the abolition of democratic or at least Parliamentary government. What took place in Latvia, which is the country of the Letts and perhaps had better have been called Lettland, is perfectly clear. Dead sick of its twenty or more squabbling political parties in a Diet of a hundred members, M. Ulmanis, a strong man, who wanted things done, assumed supreme power, formed one National Party, and evidently has the mass of the Latvians with him. The new regime may be Fascist, but it certainly has no love for Hitler.

Obscurity still surrounds what happened in Bulgaria, especially as regards the position of King Boris, but the primary aim of the *coup d'état* appears to have been the reform of the Parliament. The French Press thinks that a reconciliation with Yugoslavia is foreshadowed, which of course would be a gain for France, but this looks a little like counting chickens before they're hatched.

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The Assyrians Again

A few months ago we published a full and inside account of the appalling treatment suffered by our former Assyrian subjects in Iraq, who were brutally massacred, or had their homes taken from them, and were rendered suffering and penniless by the Iraqi Government, who envied the Naboth's vineyard, if their mountain fastnesses might be so described. The fact that the Assyrians are a Christian community and were loyal soldiers on the British side during the war, added to the hatred the Iraqi felt for them. The British Government to their shame gave them no protection. Not for a moment did they sternly tell the Iraqi Government to keep their hands off them. Mr. MacDonald's solution was to leave the matter in the hands of the League of Nations at Geneva and between them all it was proposed to expatriate these unhappy people to Brazil. This, we may note *en passant*, is the Prime Minister's and the Foreign Minister's idea of the "self-determination of small nations." So far nothing has happened.

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Responsibilities Shirked

For there is a hitch. The League of Nations Commission report that the land and climate are satisfactory, although we doubt whether the moist hot swamps of Brazil are fitted to a mountaineering race in a dry climate, but the transfer of the survivors who are in constant dread of another murderous attack is now said to be "deferred indefinitely." The trouble is finance. The Iraqi Government have declared they are ready to make a generous contribution, though we do not know their idea of "generous," and the British Government is prepared to make a "proportionate contribution" through the League. In neither case can it be adequate because an appeal for other subscriptions to make up the amount has fallen upon deaf ears.

It seems to us that the British Government are shirking their duty and hiding themselves behind the League Commission. If the Assyrians are to be expatriated the only way is for the Government to find the money and call on the Iraqi Government to pay their share. Alternatively they should accord protection to the Assyrians and let the Iraqi Government know they mean business. Such meantime is the way our Pacifists and Scuttlers look after their Imperial responsibilities!

As this is a Flying Number the "Saturday Review" feels that it would not be right to leave out the names of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin, who have done everything possible against Aviation.



An-gels, An-gels—An-gels without wings,
Ve-ry, *ve-ry* honest, *ve-ry* simple little things;
An-gels, An-gels, of this there is no doubt,
We both of us are angels—WHEN NOT FOUND OUT.

L.H.

THE Conservative Central Office has issued a strange parody of a picture paper called the "Popular Pictorial."

It reaches the height of unconscious humour when in its boost for the "National" Government it sums up the incalculable benefits bestowed on this country by our present rulers.

The headlines run:

"Britain makes a Great Come-Back"
"On Top of the World."

"Britain," we read, "has come right through on the top. . . . OUR AIR FORCE FLIERS WON THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY OUTRIGHT, BEATING THE WORLD'S BEST WITH THE SLOGAN, 'THAT'S US—THAT WAS.'"

"LORD CLYDESDALE AND HIS FELLOW-AIRMEN FLEW OVER MOUNT EVEREST AND LOOKED DOWN ON THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD."

On these achievements is based the claim: "The National Government has staged the biggest National come-back on record."

Upon reading this, Lady Houston thought she must have made a mistake in thinking

she had financed both these two events, until she re-examined her bank book, but—no, *there was no mistake about that*—she financed both of these achievements.

We quote Mr. Randolph Churchill's comments in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

"Whatever one may think of the delicacy of Lord Stonehaven's action in appropriating to himself and the National Government the credit for these exploits it would at least have been less indecent if he had pointed out in his organ that the money necessary to permit Britain to compete in the Schneider Cup was provided by Lady Houston, by no means a perfervid supporter of the present Administration.

"It is legitimate, surely, at the same time to point out that she also financed the Mount Everest flight which is also claimed by Lord Stonehaven as a bull point for the National Government."

Mr. Churchill also remarks that the Socialists were in power when we won the Schneider Trophy. Lady Houston's gift of £100,000 to finance it was only accepted, utterly against Ramsay MacDonald's wishes, because she said she would give it in order to prevent the Socialist Government being "spoil-sports."

The Unpopular Tithe

By A.A.B.

THE tithe war is still perplexing the public mind, and a satisfactory conclusion of the whole matter seems very far off. The ancient claim of the Church to the payment of tithe goes back to a period before the Norman Conquest. St. Augustine's Mission preached the duty of the payment of tithe on the product of the land as a duty incumbent on all Christians. The State, for a great many centuries afterwards, upheld this obligation, and when land was bought, or received as a gift or reward for particular services, it was generally a condition that tithe must be paid on the produce arising from such land.

This burden of tithe has been accepted by Englishmen, certainly since the 13th century, and paid, not always perhaps in the spirit of the "cheerful giver," but at least with a sense of duty to the Church, and those who minister in her name, which was not to be shirked. But in our days, with Socialism and the spirit of rebellion against all authority, either by King or Church, and with the children in our schools taught neither religion nor respect, there is a corresponding spirit of rebellion and much confusion of thought in such questions as tithe.

A Rent-Charge

Tithe is merely a rent-charge, and there should be no more hesitation in paying it than there is in paying rent to a Building Society or the interest on mortgage. According to Canon Law personal property, as well as the land, is subject to payment of tithe; but this is not now enforceable. It was, according to Dr. Cormack, in his book "Teinds and Agriculture," the "harvest that owed the tithes, and not the land that produced the harvest. . . . Therefore, it was the harvester or farmer who was liable for the payment of tithes, and not the proprietor." If the land was sold for some other purpose than that of things tithable, there would be no tithe to be paid on it.

All this may conceivably engender in agriculturists a sense of injustice. There is no doubt that the collection of tithe is a source of great irritation in country districts. The Tithe Commutation Act of 1836 did not help the tithe-payers very much, and the clergy in many cases, owing to the passing of that Act, lost a great deal of incomes, as much sometimes as thirty per cent. The increase of farm labourers' wages since the war has fallen heavily on the farmers, though that burden on agriculture has been somewhat lightened by the Derating Act.

The permanent stabilisation of the tithe and its collection by Queen Anne's Bounty through the Act of 1925 has not brought about the peaceful settlement which the promoters of that Act hoped for. **IT WOULD SEEM, ON THE HUMAN SIDE, TO BE LESS DIFFICULT FOR THE FARMER TO KEEP THE CLERGYMAN OF THE PARISH HE LIVED IN WAITING FOR**

HIS MONEY, THAN TO KEEP A SOCIETY FAR AWAY IN LONDON WAITING FOR IT. There is also the difficulty of the lay-tithe, that is, where tithe is collected and no services, such as those of the clergyman, received by the tithe-payers.

In the report recently issued by Queen Anne's Bounty it is stated that of the two half-years' tithe due during the year 1932 over eighty-seven per cent. was collected by November 30, 1933. This would not appear to be so unsatisfactory, though there are still doubtless some serious arrears in parts of the country. But the statements made by many people that the impoverished farmers are compelled to support the Church, even though they may be Nonconformists or otherwise antagonistic to her, are unjust.

If tithes were entirely abolished, it is quite doubtful if farmers would reap any material benefit. As, since the Tithe Act of 1891, the tithe has been paid by the landlord, the tenant would reap no advantage by its abolition. When the freeholder is the farmer himself, he would gain something; but should he sell the farm, the purchaser would have to pay the remitted tithe in the price he gave.

The Committee's Report

It is stated that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have no funds from which the loss of the tithe income could be made good to the clergy, and the same applies to Queen Anne's Bounty. The report of the Committee makes it clear that the tithe-rent charge does not represent more than two per cent. of the annual value of the sale price of agricultural produce sold from land subject to tithe. There is no doubt whatever that Queen Anne's Bounty has done everything in its power to relieve "hard cases," especially where farmers who have bought their farms with borrowed money, have been severely tried by the depression which has been so severe in this country for some years.

But in our sympathy for the farmers we should not shut our eyes to the depressed condition of many of our country clergy, who are in numbers of cases suffering more privations than the farmers themselves. They, too, have to live and educate families, and often on incomes which an ordinary mechanic or employee of the County Council would consider inadequate. It would seem desirable that a Royal Commission should enquire into the whole state of the tithe-payments, and, if possible, bring about a peaceful settlement of the agitation which now exists among the tithe-payers. But let not the agitators think that it will help their cause to attack the clergy, who are doing their best to uphold religion and decent living in the land. The best way for the Government to help the farmer to pay his way is to prevent foreign foodstuffs from coming into the country. But we can hardly expect our semi-Socialist rulers to do this.

Old Man Drivel

By KIM

LAST Friday Mr. Baldwin "gratified" the House of Commons by giving a sort of new pledge to take steps to make Britain safe from the air menace which hangs so ominously over us. This was a "must be ready" pledge, and it appears to have satisfied the House as a whole, which for some reason or another is always ready to eat out of Mr. Baldwin's hand, and to take him on trust.

We cannot, unhappily, take Mr. Baldwin on trust. He has deceived us too often and has gone back on too many pledges, so that on the present occasion we owe it to the public who feel similar apprehension to examine with caution anything the Conservative leader has to say.

Mr. Baldwin is always plausible and disarming in his seeming frankness. "I know the anxiety that is being felt in the Country at this time with regard to the air, especially if the Disarmament Conference should fail and no air limitation is possible," he said. Certainly the slump of Conservative votes at recent by-elections should by now have taught him that this anxiety is no passing panic but real. It is something to the good if he knows that. But here he began to qualify his words. It was "impossible" to say yet, with Sir John Simon going to Geneva, when the moment would come (to take the necessary measures to re-arm) but he thought he could allay the anxiety of the House.

The Procrastinators

His idea of "allaying" this anxiety was typical of the man. If estimates, he said, were brought in to-day or if a definite statement were made to increase the Air Force it might be months before a pound could be spent. This, surely, is untrue, because if the Government decided it was necessary to add to our air defence in view of the huge sums now being spent by France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Japan, and the United States, *preliminary orders should be given now to aeroplane manufacturers to lay down new machines and to add to their plant.* Nor can we accept another excuse that "the waste of time would be if the Government waited" until it became necessary to take a decision and then said they were going to begin their preparations. Of course it would be a waste of time if the Government waited, and that is the sum total of the agitation in the country to force them to get a move on. We want them not to wait, when every hour may be vital. In these two statements we perceive quite clearly that the Government are still procrastinating to see if Geneva at the last moment of the eleventh hour will agree to some form of disarmament or limitation in the air.

Limitation in the air! A word on this. In Mr. Baldwin's view it is "the only practicable form of aerial disarmament." Have his technical advisers authorised such a statement? How can any paper agreement guarantee that a Government other than our own will abide by its pledges?

Have we forgotten Germany in the War already? Is it not inside knowledge that she is secretly equipping herself with vast war fleets and aerodromes despite her solemn undertakings? Will any one outside of Bedlam ever believe Russia would give a square deal in regard to her air force? And if other nations know that certain Powers are secretly disregarding their pledges they also in self defence, must do the same thing.

These pathetic gestures of Mr. Baldwin's towards some form of disarmament or limitation of armaments are, alas, pregnant with danger to the British nation and provide the fundamental reason for the nation's anxiety. Nothing in any of his words so far can allay them. Nay, they add to the anxiety of those of us who cannot be staved off with protestations which lead to nothing definite.

Policy of Skimp

Now let us see what could be described as the positive side of the statement. The Air Ministry have formulated plans which have been before the Cabinet for some weeks. Nothing here to show that the plans may not continue before the Cabinet for many moons yet. There will be a "flexible" programme, which means that the Government will build as few as they can, but be prepared for a rush if an emergency occurs. Who can obtain satisfaction from that which means in fact almost nothing accomplished? The policy will be to "add gradually" to the numbers of the first line machines, by which means we shall certainly not attain parity with the air strength of the greatest air power. As we begin in this meagre way to add a few squadrons what is to stop others from maintaining the air ascendancy our Government, like its predecessors, has enabled them to acquire? It is a policy of skimp and shelve. It cannot possibly allay anxiety.

The policy to make arrangements for "sudden expansion" both of machines and personnel is certainly not a practicable proposition. The building of large quantities of machines and the training of the necessary personnel require considerable time even if put in hand to-day. *If Mr. Baldwin had announced that preparations would be put in hand immediately to build, say, a thousand machines and train the necessary personnel, he would have said what the country wants to hear said.* He claims that the preparations are being made in "more than ample time." No military or technical authority will agree with this statement. Even the man in the street recognises it as mere verbiage. War may burst upon us at any moment as it did in 1914.

The world is not settling down. Unrest is increasing. France is turning in desperation to Russia, as a possible ally, forgetting or trying to forget what happened in 1917. Bulgaria and Latvia have both overthrown their democratic institutions and have embraced a military despotism. Europe is steadily becoming an armed camp, with Dictators, Fascist or Bolshevik, every-

where almost, whilst our Ministers, devoted to democracy, and hating Fascism like the Devil, are yet prepared to bare the breast to it, sooner than perfect the nation's defences. They talk eternally of what they will do if disarmament is not adopted, and whilst it is evident to everyone outside the Cabinet that the policy is as dead as the Dodo they go on prattling vain and empty words.

It is the firm conviction of every lover of Britain's greatness that Mr. Baldwin is an incorrigible pacifist and in the post he holds is the greatest potential danger the country has to face. If he is honest in his intentions he is none the less a menace, which will result in disaster in whatever way it is examined, unless the Conservative Party quickly agree to be quit of Old Man Drivel.

Roots of Indian Terrorism

By J. C. French, I.C.S.

(*Lately in Charge of the Midnapore District*)

TERRORISM, most lurid of the many sensational elements in the politics of India, is native to its soil. Like the cobra and the black corait snake, most deadly of things that crawl, like the swift cholera and the slower malarial fever, it is a thoroughly Indian method of meeting one's death. The Terrorist crawling to or crouching for his victim, is the human counterpart of the tiger hunting its prey.

The removal of political obstacles by force has always been natural to the Indian mind. And in Oriental politics an "obstacle" always takes a human form. A glance at India's neighbours, countries where Eastern culture grows free and untrammelled, proves that India is not alone in this respect.

Consider for a moment how cheap human life is held in India. In 1932, the latest year for which official figures are available, there were 700 murders in the province of Bengal. If we had murders in the United Kingdom at the Bengal rate in proportion to the population, 1932 would have given us 630 of such crimes. This seems a large figure, but it is a trifle compared to what it would be if we indulged in murders at the rate prevalent in the North West Frontier Province. For in that case we should have had in the United Kingdom in 1932 no less than 5,760 murders.

But murder in India is something more than a natural weapon. It has something of the idea of sacrifice in it, a sweet-smelling offering to some dark deity. The history of the Thugs is instructive of this point. The very name Thug has now been forgotten. And this oblivion is a silent tribute to a long-forgotten exploit of the Government of India, the suppression of these Thugs. In their time they were the famous secret stranglers of India. The main object of their murders was service, by human sacrifice, to the Goddess Kali. Kali is the goddess of death, and is shown in Hindu temple imaging in a black and horrible form, with a necklace of skulls, dancing on a corpse, and drinking human blood. Money, the motive of the vast majority of murders in Europe, was of completely secondary importance to Thugs. Indeed sport, the joy of finding and tracking the victim down to the actual application of the fatal noose, came before it. Thugs have told British Officers that they got the same thrill out of a successful murder that the sportsman gets when,

after a successful stalk, he sees a great horned beast lying at his feet.

Midnapore of sinister memory as the scene of the murder by Terrorist of three British Officers in the last three years, was one of the last strongholds of the Thugs in Bengal. But it is not necessary to go back to Thugs for examples of human sacrifice in India. Every now and then the newspapers furnish an instance.

The police report for the United Provinces for 1932 records three murders, in each of which the victim met his death as a sacrifice to an Indian deity. In Calcutta only last year there was a panic among the barbers and cobblers of the City, for a report got around that the British Government intended to offer human sacrifices to insure the stability of a new bridge over the Chitpore Canal, and barbers and cobblers were preferred as victims. The Calcutta Police had to allay the public alarm by reassuring criers announced by beat of drum. This incident seems fantastic to an English reader. But it is an absolute fact and is a striking example of how deeply imbedded the idea of human sacrifice is in the Indian mind. And so we need not be surprised that when Indian Terrorists murder a British Officer, they sometimes say that they have "sacrificed a white goat to Kali."

Self-Immolation

Another strange feature of Indian mentality is the instinct of self-immolation. Ascetics sitting on spikes, such as tourists see at Benares, Gandhi threatening to fast unto death, as we read every now and then in the newspapers, are current examples. Another instance is the strange paean of praise which arises in the Calcutta Congress press when a poor Hindu widow pours kerosine oil over her linen wrap and sets it alight. For the miserable little suicide recalls the glorious Hindu rite of Suttee, when the widow was burnt in full pomp and ceremony on her husband's funeral pyre. This instinct of self-immolation gives the clue to more than one enigma in the Terrorist movement. It explains how timid Bengalis are found committing outrages whose success involves the certain death of the perpetrator. Indeed Terrorists often carry poison and sometimes take it, as witness the murderer of Mr. Garlick, the Judge in Calcutta, in 1931. He poisoned himself immediately after firing the fatal shot.

Hinduism, that vast system, social, political, religious, the most ancient continuous organisation in the world, old when Tuten Khamen reigned in Egypt, is an ideal rather than a cause of Terrorism. But the re-establishment of the Hindu rule of ancient days is the object of the movement. However much the younger generation of Terrorists may babble of the scepticism and free thinking of the West, the religion of Hinduism, especially in its superstitions, still has a tremendous hold over them.

India to its people is a land of ghosts. Trees, rocks, forests, all possess their own malignant spirits. If you are travelling by night and hear the sound of men's voices in the distance and wish to ask the way you must call three times. A ghost can call once, a ghost can call twice, but only a man can call thrice. If it is a case of travelling through a forest at night, even more than the wild beast in it, tigers, leopards and bears, the Indian fears its ghosts. Houses in India also are haunted and a haunted house is to be found in every Indian town. I have before me a cutting from an Indian Congress newspaper complaining about the danger from ghosts in a certain house and suggesting that the government should do something about it.

The Terrorists, like the old Thugs, are devotees of the Goddess Kali. Secure in her protection the Terrorists sometimes chose a haunted house for their headquarters, both to inspire fear and to make sure of being undisturbed. One of the first lessons in courage which is taught to a young revolutionary is to walk down a road alone in the dark. From this step he advances by successive stages until he is considered fit to be entrusted to the murder of a British Officer.

Now we come to that hoary old Scapegrace of the ills of India—education, the kind of education which we introduced into the country. This is a big subject and not to be dealt with in a sentence. But it must be confessed that the type of history which we taught our Indian pupils, a history which reserved all its panegyrics for the

challengers of authority, for Hampden, and Russell, and Burke with his speeches on the American War of Independence, and had never a word of praise or appreciation for the men who were attempting the difficult task of governing a country, did nothing to check the Terrorist growth. "We sowed the wind and reap the whirlwind."

The Murder Tradition

In my last article "Midnapore—the Murder Spot," I traced how Terrorism naturally grew out of the Indian National Congress. The Congress was an excellent weapon for stirring up, and crystallising into concrete form the disloyalty and sedition which are never absent from an Oriental country. But once roused and active, what had the Congress of the Nineteenth Century to give them? What Mr. Gladstone said in 1883, and what Mr. Bradlaugh and Bright had been saying a bit earlier, was poor mental sustenance for the fierce Indian Nationalist, with murder in his tradition and human sacrifice in his religion. The only thing to be surprised at in the appearance of Terrorism at the end of the Nineteenth Century is that it had not come sooner.

Some of the apologists for our present weakness in India seek to find the cause in the victory of Japan over the Russian Empire in 1904. But this is a mere excuse. The mass of the people of India neither know nor cared about what was going on so far away. A few intellectuals, and among them the leaders of the Terrorist movement, derived comfort and encouragement from the Asiatic victory. But before the start of the Russo-Japanese War, Terrorism was already established.

Communism does not find a place among the roots of Indian Terrorism. For eager as Moscow is to use every possible weapon for injuring the British Empire, and useful as the Terrorists are in this capacity, still Indian Terrorism had already been in existence for twenty years when the revolution in Russia established Communism as a political power.

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POT AU FEU : By HAMADRYAD

Of old the Bulgar
 Was reckoned tough;
 His ways were vulgar,
 His methods rough.
 His patriot rages
 Was nought could curb;
 In comitajis
 He slew the Serb.
 A lurid life
 Was meat and drink to him;
 Political strife
 Meant blood, not ink, to him;
 Of orthodoxy
 He liked the brand
 Invented by foxy
 King Ferdinand,
 Seeking survival
 With knife and bullet,
 And scragging a rival
 As we would a pullet.

To-day another
 Story is written;
 Our Bulgar Brother
 Is mild as a kitten.
 By constitutions
 He sets no store,
 But his revolutions
 Are minus gore.
 To-day when Sophia
 Is ill content,
 And resolves to try a
 New Government;
 When the politicians
 Have talked their fill,

As in such conditions
 They always will,
 And the State's finances
 Are in the soup,
 The army advances
 And makes a coup;
 No hullabaloo and
 No lethal gun,
 But a word or two and
 The thing is done.

Whether they're staging
 A Fascist regime,
 Or merely engaging
 In some low scheme
 For taking up France,
 And dropping Italy,
 It isn't by chance
 That they act so prettily.
 For neither in Greece
 Or Jugoslavia
 Have such scenes of peace,
 Or such good behavior
 Ever occurred
 When some gang was bent
 On giving the bird
 To the Government.
 And if Boris Bumpoff,
 The Balkan terror,
 Can come right plump off
 His ways of error,
 It's a thousand pities
 That some I could name
 In other cities
 Don't do the same.

Eve in Paris

IN the charming setting of Bagatelle, the Hurlingham polo team competed with the French "Cercle du Polo" for the Coupe de Paris, presented by the popular paper, *Paris Soir*.

The English Colony foregathered to witness the play and to see their new Ambassador, who, accompanied by Lady Clerk, was received by the Duc Décaze, President of the Club, and the Marquis de Jaucourt, vice-President.

In black coat and grey top-hat, tall, monocled, well set-up, Sir George's appearance was commented on admiringly by the French press, which has recently criticised the "Manque de Tenue" of Parisians. "One thought of brilliant Victorian days, when the Prince of Wales set the fashion in Paris," says the *Figaro*, regretfully.

The Ambassador talked for some time to Monsieur Piétri, Ministre de la Marine, a devotee of Sport, and Monsieur Louis Marin came from the Parc des Princes (where Moret had arrived, winning the Bordeaux-Paris Motor-Cycle Race for France) in time to witness the victory of the French

polo team, and the presentation of the Coupe de Paris to its Captain by Sir George Clerk.

The British Team was at a disadvantage, not knowing the Bagatelle ground, but the French played admirably. France, now *passionnée pour le Sport*, is not doing badly.

The centenary of the Marquis de La Fayette will shortly be celebrated in Paris, also in Washington. America remembers gratefully the youth who fought for her independence; the Federal Government conferred on his descendants the citizenship of the United States "with all the privileges attached thereto," and recently René de Chambrun, the Marquis' great-great-grandson, claimed these, desiring admittance to the New York Bar.

La Fayette, nobly born and extremely wealthy, sympathised with the Democratic Movement of his troubled period. At the Comédie Française one night the aristocratic spectators were insulted and pelted. Next morning the Duchesse de Biron

sent to the Marquis some large apples. "Allow me," she wrote, "to offer you the first fruits of your revolution, which have reached me."

Little he dreamed of the later fruit of that tree, the Terror, under which his mother-in-law, Duchesse d'Ayen, with her aged mother and lovely daughter, suffered death on the scaffold.

* * *

The latest Census of Statues in Paris includes five revolutionaries, twelve politicians, two Emperors, nine Queens, but only five Kings, two Saints, forty-seven writers, and no less than fifty poets! To the writers has now been added Montaigne. His statue, by Ladowski, was unveiled by Monsieur Lefranc, of the Collège de France, and presented to the City of Paris. There were interesting speeches by members of the "Société des Amis de Montaigne," the Préfet de la Seine, and other notabilities, while the author of the essays, in ruff and cloak, seemed to look

down at his admirers, gathered in the quiet gardens before the Sorbonne, with a benevolent smile.

* * *

A brilliant aristocratic crowd assembled at the sale of work, organised by Royalist ladies, under patronage of the Duchesse de Guise. The Comtesse de Paris was present, and, young, beautiful, gracious, made a deep impression. *L'Action Française* was represented by Charles Maurras, other upholders of the Royal Cause being Admiral Schwerer and Marquis de Chambray. Following ancient custom a delegation from the Halles attended, presenting the Comtesse with floral tributes and expressing loyalty.

Mrs. Prince gave a party at the Ritz for the Duc de Vendôme's daughter, who forfeited her rank and Royal privileges to marry Mr. Kingsland; as did her brother, Duc de Nemours, when he made Peggy Watson, of Washington, his wife.

Red Peril in the Schools

Empire Day Propaganda

By a Special Correspondent

AN intense campaign was conducted by teachers belonging to some half-dozen Communistic educational workers' organisations, to make the most of the change-over from Empire Day to "Commonwealth Day" in L.C.C. schools on Thursday.

Meetings were arranged in London by teachers holding Communistic views to urge their colleagues to seize the opportunity afforded by Commonwealth Day to spread subversive sentiments among their pupils.

The Educational Workers' League (the English Section of the Educational Workers' International), the Teachers' Anti-War Movement, and other bodies more or less openly professing Communism, were behind the campaign.

From conversations I have had with those engaged in this anti-Imperialistic effort, it is plain that Mr. Herbert Morrison's decision that Commonwealth Day "must not be an occasion for implanting feelings of militarism and racial superiority in the minds of children," has provided those who conduct Red propaganda in the schools with a heaven-sent opportunity.

"To defeat all the pompous blab about 'our glorious Empire' and all the sickening cant and humbug" of the organisers of Empire Day, is the message preached by those engaged in the movement.

A report of the class-room activities of teachers with Bolshevik and anti-religious sympathies has already engaged the attention of Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Education, but I was informed by an official of the Board that no action against the teachers concerned is contemplated,

owing to the extraordinary difficulty of tracking down offenders.

Now that an occasion has presented itself under the guise of Commonwealth Day—which, says Mr. Morrison, "shall be celebrated in no jingo or flag-wagging spirit"—these organisations are enabled to work more openly.

Accordingly a big impetus was given to subversive "anti-Imperialistic" teaching on Empire Day. "Sympathetic" teachers were urged through a vast amount of literature specially circulated for the purpose—"To Knock the Gloss off Empire Day."

Here are a few samples of it:

Teachers are not free to acquaint children with the stark facts of history. To defeat all the pompous blab about "our glorious Empire" . . . very careful preparatory work and concerted action by teachers are necessary.

He (the child) is not told that it is not right for people to conquer and rule one another; that sordid motives of money-grabbing have activated every extension of the Empire. . . . The intelligent child with a logical mind readily grasps the economic analysis of Empire history. . . . Empire is simply robbery with violence.

"The intelligent child," it is pointed out, "is most struck by vivid episodic narrative, as our Imperialists well know." Then follows a highly-coloured version of Hawkins' slave-trading exploits in the sixteenth century in a vessel called the *Jesus*, with, of course, no reference to the difference between the moral standards of Elizabeth's day and our own.

With a view to the better dissemination of this doctrine, attempts have been made to establish Communist cells in schools.

The Problems of Training

By a Racing Correspondent

THE recent successes of Lady Houston with Silver Belle and Red, White and Blue bring to mind the old controversy as to whether it is advantageous that a horse should not run until its second season.

There are some who would go even further and think that animals should not be trained at all until they reach the age of from two-and-a-half to three years.

Their contention is—and there is a good deal to be said for it—that a horse will last much longer if it is not worked too young. This most certainly applies to hunters and steeplechasers. Those that are not broken until they reach the age of five or six—or, better still, broken as yearlings and then immediately turned out again—undoubtedly do remain useful at an age when horses which have been treated with less patience are only fit to be destroyed.

Low Weights

They further contend with regard to flat racers that the present programmes consisting of a majority of short distance events, as well as the existing scale of weights, do not provide those tests which should ensure our breeding from the most suitable stock from the utilitarian point of view. As a famous trainer and ex-jockey once summarised the situation to me, "We are breeding a batch of non-staying weeds and we have to breed dwarfs to ride them."

Although our best horses are beautifully framed and magnificently sturdy there is a lot of truth in this seemingly sweeping remark. Some of our moderate animals would hardly carry a light-weight in a game of polo.

The problem of raising the weights is that where two-year-olds and a great many three-year-olds are concerned one cannot put burdens equal to the National Hunt scale on their backs. One would, therefore, if one continued to race juveniles, have, for all practical purposes, to have two different sets of jockeys, since those able to ride the youngsters would have to carry so much dead weight in other events that their services would be in scant demand.

There is also the fact that many horses become too gross to be trained at the age of four or five years; so by holding them up so long, many first class animals would never be permitted to see the race course at all. Those in favour of these proposals argue that this would not happen, as the animals would remain in the paddocks on a light diet during their early years. But competition would soon put a stop to this. Owners would find that they could not compete with those who had occupied the preliminary closed period in building up the strength of their horses and would be compelled to follow suit. Since one cannot stuff a horse with corn without giving it plenty of

exercise, the training stables would quickly be filled with animals, each costing some four or five pounds a week to keep and unable to run for two or three years.

These are the two great obstacles against a reform which would, if only it were possible, undoubtedly tend to improve the breed and it is very difficult to see whence the solution is to come. The answer is probably the middle course taken by such owners as Lady Houston.

Fortunately, however, training methods are much less rigorous than they used to be and the tendency to-day is to advance in this direction. This has largely been due to necessity. The thoroughbred horse, as it has become more and more highly bred, has undoubtedly lost some of its former robustness. Becoming more highly strung every year, its nervous system will not stand the arduous gallops and sweatings in heavy clothing which nineteenth century trainers deemed necessary to success; and neither will its legs.

Modern Training Methods

This is not to say that the science of training has not developed. It has considerably. The tendency to-day is to enable the horse to live as natural a life as possible consistent with the special business in hand. Gone are the old fashioned hermetically sealed stables which produced unbelievably glossy coats and a general state of debility. In an up-to-date stable fresh air is the rule and the policy is to make the animal thoroughly comfortable and to encourage him to indulge in such play as nature designed for his benefit.

Thus, in suitable weather, the sand bath comes into use. On return from exercise the string is allowed to pick at the grass. Often a sod of turf is thrown into the loosebox. It is a revelation to see how the horse will take it in its mouth, toss it in the air, shake it from side to side and eventually break it up, thus extracting valuable mineral salts.

Thus, also, between-times, when a horse is let down from strict training and rested he is no longer placed in a large box and left there but turned into a paddock during the day and taken in at night. The change of diet rests his digestive organs and the sun on his back tones up his nervous system.

The successful trainer of to-day is constantly studying the ways of horses under natural conditions. He argues that every inherent instinct has been planted in his mind by nature for a definite reason. Thus, for example, if an animal who suffers from no vice gnaws the wood in his box he does so because there is something lacking in his diet and the trainer proceeds to find a remedy. Tom Coulthwaite was one of the greatest exponents of this theory. Lady Houston, also, insists that her horses shall be developed patiently by natural means.

FINAL INSTALMENT OF

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

DISINHERITED posterity will ask how it was that, if Governments failed to act with energy, independent patriots of wealth and power did not put up a fight against the predatory advance of Socialism.

How was it that at the outset of the Bolshevik campaign the capitalists of Great Britain, and indeed of all the world, did not coalesce and form a solid bloc in defence of their common interests? For it is not only in our country that the same supineness has been observed; all countries, as Monsieur Coty points out, "are touched with the gangrene and not one has seemed resolved to draw the sword in self-defence." But for this inaction the "band of wild beasts" out to destroy all civilised society must have been promptly crushed. "If then the agents of Communism operate with so much assurance and with such contempt for laws and police . . . as much in monarchies as in democracies, we must suppose that they have everywhere occult support and powerful allies."

Mysterious Power

The vast financial resources of the revolutionary movement that can flood all the countries of the world with its agents and its propaganda provide a mystery that has never been explained. Clearly some Money Power of a formidable kind must be operating in the background. But for this the City of London, the Bourse of Paris, Wall Street and other strongholds of finance could not have failed to take alarm at seeing Capitalism threatened at every point, and to have put up organised resistance from the outset. In the face of any ordinary menace to its interests, "big business" is the first to fly to insurance companies and safeguard itself against loss. But even under the threat of its total extinction, "big business" saw no necessity for insuring against Socialism, and declined to regard it as presenting any danger. Nowhere was the danger of a Socialist Government less realised than in the City; nowhere was it more difficult to raise funds for counter-propaganda. Mr. Lloyd George has recently raised a storm of criticism by declaring that the City has given a wrong lead to the country; if he had added "with regard to the menace of Socialism," he would certainly have been right. But where does the City go, in these days, for advice? It goes, as do the politicians, as did Mr. Lloyd George himself, to international financiers, who have assured it all along that there was no cause for alarm. Hence the apathy of British capitalists before the rising power of the "Labour" Party and the devastating forces of Bolshevism. They had read how in Russia the right to private property had been swept away, land and wealth confiscated, and the owners of these had been massacred or turned adrift to shovel snow or to sell cigarettes at street corners. They had seen some of these unhappy people arriving on our shores, bereft of all they

possessed and forced to earn their living in the humblest ways—officers of the Guards sewing shirts in attics, women of society serving in tea-shops or behind the counter. In Paris, as after the French Revolution, *ci-devants* took to driving cabs. In Switzerland luckless *émigrés*, unable to find work, threw themselves into the lakes to end their misery.

Yet with all these tragic events taking place before their eyes, the rich men of Great Britain—many of whom had themselves lost property in Russia—hardly made any effort to prevent the same thing happening in this country.

The one country in which the owners of property as a class showed the intelligence to organise resistance to revolutionary propaganda was Norway, where a really admirable scheme was carried out by a central organisation, having on its Board a representative of each of the six great sections of Capitalists—banking, commerce, ship-owning, engineering, industry and farming. These men, realising that this was a sound form of insurance, kept the association supplied with funds and controlled its workings.

Warnings Justified

Instead of taking the initiative in this way, the Capitalists of Great Britain left it to patriotic individuals to form leagues and societies, the leaders or secretaries of which were obliged to go hat in hand to beg support, as if asking a favour, from the rich men whose interests they were defending even more than their own.

To-day even the most incredulous must recognise that the warnings given by such organisations, by the *Morning Post* and the *Patriot*, have been justified by events. A "Labour" Government has now been in office for a year and nine months and, although in a minority and unable to carry out a full-blooded Socialist policy, they have brought the country nearer to ruin than it has ever been before. The figures of unemployment are steadily rising week by week, the wheels of industry are slowing down, capital is pouring out of the country into lands which offer greater security for the investment of wealth; even the City has lost something of its habitual optimism and is beginning to realise that all is not well.

The Round Table Conference has led only to worse confusion in the Indian problem, whilst Zionist policy in Palestine is steadily rallying the whole Moslem world against Great Britain. The Optional Clause, compelling Great Britain to submit to the decisions of the International Court of Justice, has been signed by the "Labour" Party. The renewal of diplomatic relations with Russia has given a fresh lease of life to the Bolshevik régime, and the Five Year Plan, which is intended to deal the death-blow to Western Capitalism, continues its remorseless march over the starved bodies of the Russian workers. Mean-

¹ *Contre le Communisme*, pp. 14 to 16.

SERIAL

while the militarisation of Russia is being carried on apace, and the warlike elements which have recently gained ground in Germany, secure in the conviction that a Britain permeated with Pacifist propaganda will offer no resistance, openly proclaim that the Treaty of Versailles must be torn up, the Young plan destroyed and all German war debts cancelled.

So, threatened at every point, Britain is being driven, not by superior forces, but by the voluntary spirit of surrender, to take up her stand in the last ditch. Will she make a stand there or is it now too late?

It is not too late. It will never be too late until the enemy within has been able to capture the whole machinery of State. If only at the eleventh hour the virile elements in the country will rouse themselves to action the situation may yet be saved, and the ruin, not only of the British Empire, but of all Western civilisation, averted.

Capitalism Undermined

Long ago Karl Marx declared that "the great catastrophe"—i.e., the collapse of "Capitalism"—would "be preceded by an enormous economic crisis," which it was the object of his teaching to bring about. To-day this prediction seems in process of fulfilment, largely owing to the efforts of his disciples. Far from Capitalism breaking down of its own weight, the precarious condition it is in to-day is the direct result of Socialist efforts to undermine it. The general sense of insecurity in industry, unsettled conditions in the East, the loss of foreign markets by strikes, undercutting by Soviet Russia—all these are causes to which the Socialists themselves have contributed, and the "world crisis" to which they attribute their inability to fulfil their promises with regard to unemployment is mainly of their own making.

It would, however, be an error to say that Socialists have no remedy for unemployment. Socialism, once installed, has a very definite remedy for unemployment, and that is the conscription of labour as in Russia. There is, of course, no unemployment on a slave plantation. And in the words of Mr. Bernard Shaw, already quoted: "Compulsory labour, with death as the final penalty, is the keystone of Socialism." Hence the impossibility for the "Labour" Government to accede to the requests now being made to it, that it should protest against the importation of timber produced by means of slave labour in Russia. Socialists cannot possibly protest against a system they mean to introduce themselves.

Such a system would prove even more disastrous in our country than in Russia, owing to the fact that England, being without Russia's agricultural resources and having lost her credit with foreign countries, would be reduced to starvation in a few months.

This is, nevertheless, the climax to which Socialist policy must lead. The Soviet régime is not an accident or the outcome of conditions peculiar to Russia; it is the absolutely logical result of the doctrines on which the I.L.P., and consequently to a large extent the Labour Party, is founded—doctrines which in their Utopian form were disproved by countless failures in the early nineteenth century, and which in their application on a larger scale have produced the Slave State of present-day Russia. Until the mirage of Socialism is destroyed and its real system is revealed to the deluded working-classes every-

where, there can be no peace or progress in the world.

Yet whilst confronted by this urgent necessity the constitutional elements of the country continue to make war on each other and the Conservative camp is rent with divisions on the question of fiscal reforms. To talk of Protection, Empire Free Trade or extensions of safeguarding as the panacea for our present ills is to ignore the vaster potentialities of the situation. Of what avail can any such systems prove if industry is still to be undermined by agitation amongst the workers or ruined by Socialist legislation, if Bolshevik propaganda is to continue unchecked, if the British Empire is to be disrupted and our Eastern markets lost for ever? Those Conservatives, whether supporters of Mr. Baldwin or of Lord Beaverbrook, who concentrate the attention of the public on the one issue of tariffs and divert it from the menace of Socialism are defeating their own ends by helping to keep in office a Party committed to Free Trade at any cost to the nation. The first step towards the fiscal reforms they advocate is to rid the country of the present Government and to replace it by one that will make the welfare of the British Empire, and not the furtherance of International Socialism, its first concern.

The Only Remedy

It is not a new Party or a new political creed that is needed, but a return to principles which appear recently to have been lost to sight. Nor is it merely a matter of leadership; the Conservative electorate has it largely in its own hands to bring about the required transformation. It can, through its local associations and at Party conferences, make its voice heard; it can demand to be represented by candidates chosen not for wealth or position, but for ability, for patriotism and for single-mindedness, men who will not be coerced and who cannot be intimidated.

The principles of true Conservatism, fearlessly applied, can alone save the situation, and remove, not only most of the causes of the present crisis, but provide a common ground on which patriots can meet. Then alone can there be a prospect of unity, which is so imperatively needed at this moment.

True Conservatism, as our forefathers conceived it, stands for much more than economic measures or political theories. It stands for all the great traditions on which our country and Empire have been built up. It stands for honour, patriotism, loyalty to the King and the maintenance of the Christian faith. It stands for everything that has made England great. In so far as recent Conservative Governments have failed, they have failed because, largely through fear, they departed from these principles and yielded to pressure from forces bent on their destruction.

If only all Conservatives, abandoning the attempt to compete with, or to conciliate, their Socialist opponents, will return to the path of sane social reform their progenitors trod with so much honour in the past, and will take their stand courageously on the cardinal doctrines of their own faith, they may yet rally the country around their standard and save the Empire.

(The End)

Air Speed and the Future

By Flight Lieut. C. S. Staniland

(Flight Lieut. C. S. Staniland is one of the most famous British high speed pilots. In 1928 he was attached to the British Schneider Trophy team and he has unsurpassed experience in the piloting of the fastest types of military aeroplane.)

HIGH speed is the outstanding quality of the aeroplane, whether it be used for purposes of national defence or for Empire communications and it is my purpose in this article to indicate the present requirements in speed development in order that this country shall be adequately defended from attack by air and shall be provided with efficient communications.

London is the largest city in the world, and a large percentage of those who live in it work hard all day, and some most of the night as well. Their object is to make enough money on which to live and perhaps with which to enjoy themselves. However much they make, a certain amount is taken from them by taxation for the purpose of defence of the country.

Nobody wants wars, probably we less than anybody, but if and when the next war comes, it will come quickly, and it will come from above, and if we are in our present disarmed state, more particularly with regard to our Royal Air Force, that war will be over very quickly.

Don't think that I am running the Air Force down, far from it; it is the most efficient and economical fighting Service we have, but it is badly under-manned and under-equipped.

There is little doubt that the personnel is the best in the world, and that our Service aircraft is the best in the world, but the aircraft is not specialised enough; too many jobs are allotted to each type of machine.

Defend London

Now, let me explain my point more clearly. What we need is adequate defence. London is our most vulnerable spot, and London is very near to other countries, therefore, it is London that we must defend.

From what we know of modern defence, it is absolutely impossible to keep all attacking aircraft away, but we can and we must minimise the number that can get through. Further, we must have a reasonably strong offensive side to the Air Force, so that we can hit back just as hard or, if necessary, harder. There is a great deal in the old idea of leaving anybody bigger than yourself well alone.

Speed is the all important factor both in attack and defence. If the distance away of our opponents permits them to build bombers with sufficient range, and a reasonable load of bombs, able to travel at 250 miles per hour, which is not an unreasonable speed, then our defensive machines, the fighters, must be capable of at least

320 m.p.h. That ties one type down to a very high speed.

Next, let us look at our bombers with which we can hit back. At present we have the big night bombers with a very big range of action, a large load of bombs, and a good top speed, considering the load. This type of machine is necessary if our objective is a very long way off, but it is neither intelligent nor economical to send these big bombers on bomb raids near home which could be done by a fleet of smaller and much faster bombers. That is what I mean by specialisation of aircraft. When an aeroplane can be designed for the purpose of doing one job only, then, and only then, can the very best be got out of it, and we must have the best in military aircraft if we wish to feel secure.

The Question of Pace

Many people say that in time of war, civil aircraft could be turned into war machines. This may be so in other countries, but it certainly is not so here. Our civil airlines are so slow that it is hardly worth going anywhere by air. In the United States and other countries, which build or run high speed civil aircraft, it certainly would be possible to convert them into bombers, etc., but there again they would not be nearly as good as machines specially designed for the job.

However, it can be argued that numbers do count, although it would be jolly bad luck on those who had to fly these pseudo-bombers!

In the United States, civil airlines cruise at speeds of 180 to 200 m.p.h. In this country cruising speeds are 100 to 110 m.p.h., and in some cases even as little as 90 m.p.h. Why go by aeroplanes that only travel at this speed? Surely the main point of air travel is time saved.

I am not saying that you don't save time over boats and trains, but is the little time you do save sufficient compensation for the discomfort. Quite recently I have travelled on one of our better known airlines, cruising at 95 m.p.h., sitting in a very uncomfortable seat, feeling extremely cold, also rather frightened, and very deaf by the time I reached my destination. Actually the last part of the journey was done by train owing to bad weather!

Every day more and more people realise that our Air Force will be our main weapon of defence and offence in the next war, and it is up to those of us who know this, to point it out and explain to others who, for various reasons, do not realise the importance of this fact. Most people to whom I have talked to about it have become enthusiastic, if enthusiastic is the right word, on the subject.

We must make it our aim to have an Air Force as large and as efficient as any other Air Force in striking distance of us, or our Colonies—that is as good as saying as large as any other in the world—but why not, if the British Empire is going to remain what it has been?

A Woman Air Pioneer

The Duchess of Bedford—A Natural Pilot

By Lord Sempill

THE piloting of aircraft by women is quite a rare achievement to-day, but a few years ago it was exceptional, and regarded by the great majority as being an exceedingly risky, not to say foolhardy, undertaking.

Flying will only start to become as universal as motoring when the majority are able to take to the air by themselves. This will happen when aircraft becomes more simple, safe, and easy to control, as well as more economical in first cost.

The Duchess of Bedford has shown for many years by practical example, both as a pilot and passenger, that she believes in air travel. She commenced learning to pilot an aeroplane in 1926, but was not officially granted her "A" Licence (the licence that all who fly for their own convenience must have) until 1933, as the powers that be seem to have been apprehensive as to the capacity of someone then nearly sixty years of age.

She has flown well over 10,000 miles solo, and in the neighbourhood of 250,000 miles as a passenger. With the exception of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, she has visited all the main parts of the British Empire by air.

Aviation certainly owes an immense debt of gratitude to women for the encouragement that they have given to flying, both by assisting very materially and directing attention to important national air effort, and by practical example. In this latter category the Duchess of Bedford stands well in the lead of women, not only in our country but in others too. She takes a real practical interest in flying, and is not merely content to fly on fine days and in the vicinity of an aerodrome, but flies all over the country through bad weather.

She has studied, practically, the many questions which are involved in the maintenance of the aircraft and engine, as well as the technicalities of air navigation. Her success in this field may in part certainly be attributed to the fact that she has for years closely studied both at home and abroad the habits of birds, and is an expert ornithologist.

Clearly, she possesses not only acute powers of observation, but extreme thoroughness and patience—essential characteristics in a pilot. Her experience of yachting, as well as in other forms of outdoor sport, has also been useful, and the fact that she uses the aeroplane as the majority use the motor car gives a splendid lead to women and men alike.

England-Australia by Air

By Oliver Stewart

IT would have been difficult to devise a more practical method of directing attention to the England-Australia air route, and at the same time of probing its high speed possibilities, than the MacRobertson Trophy race between London and Melbourne in October—an "all-in" night-and-day air race half way round the world. The machines which will strive among themselves in October to bring Australia nearer to England will be doing more than racing; they will be "exploring avenues" (more practical avenues than were ever explored by the politicians I hasten to add) for future high speed air mail services.

I have contended on many occasions that the present air mail schedules on our Empire routes

are too slow; and that, if mails were separated from passengers and handled at the highest speeds which modern knowledge makes possible, they could be carried at twice the present speeds without difficulty or serious risk of loss. The MacRobertson Trophy race will show whether that contention is correct or not. For the rules of the race are such that the flying will be done under conditions closely resembling those applying to an express mail service. The machines will be relatively small and will carry, in the majority of cases, only two people. They will fly almost continuously, only stopping to re-fuel; travelling through dark and light and attempting to pierce bad weather without reduction in speed. The machines themselves will be fast and many of them

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A Woman's Air Pioneer

The Story of Miss A. K. ...

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England & Wales by Air

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Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD

BRAVE, DARING AND INTREPID



who loves flying and knows not the meaning of fear



will be cruising at speeds of more than 200 miles an hour.

Many of the pilots who have entered for this race have had experience of the route and have already worked out their plans. Their views are of the greatest interest and importance. They believe that the journey from London to Melbourne is possible in approximately three days. American pilots, with American machines and American optimism, have stated that the journey can be done in less time than this and it is open to them to come over and prove it. Dutch pilots with Dutch machines are getting ready for the race but saying very little about it. Perhaps that is why they are believed to be the British pilots' most serious competitors.

If the event shows that the three days forecast of the pilots is justified, and if the winning machine does indeed cover the immense distance, including all stops for re-fuelling and compulsory landings, in three days, it will provide a measure by which our mail services may be judged. Obviously a regular mail service is a more difficult problem in some ways than a race; but in other ways it is easier. A certain amount of the disposable load of the aeroplane must be set aside for mails with a corresponding reduction in petrol and in the range of the machine. A mail schedule must take into account the worst kinds of weather at the worst seasons of the year and give a sufficient margin to allow them to be dealt with. On the other hand, relays of machines and relays of pilots can be used by the mail service but cannot be used in the race. At each stage fresh pilots come forward who know every inch of the section of the route over which they must fly.

If, therefore, the pilot who wins the London-Melbourne race and the considerable money prizes offered by Sir William Macpherson Robertson, completes the course in three days, it will be correct to say that a regular air mail service could be established over exactly the same route with existing knowledge and existing equipment, working on a four days schedule. If the winning pilot takes four days, the air mails should work on a five days schedule. On routes approximating more closely to the great circle course higher speeds would be feasible until the speeds given for the hypothetical services mentioned in a previous article are reached.

High speed in one direction, however, is not sufficient to give efficient communications. There must also be frequency. The time interval that really matters in correspondence, whether that correspondence concerns business or any of those lighter subjects about which men and women write to each other at such length, is the time interval between the posting of the letter and the receipt of the *reply*. The time interval between the posting of the letter and the receipt of that letter at the other end of its journey is of no consequence, for it is only half the story. Frequency of service must be allied to high speed if the best there-and-back communications are to be ensured. For this reason the relatively small machine working at short intervals is better than the large machine working at much longer intervals. The

aeroplane is small compared with the ship or the train and it should turn its smallness to advantage by working with great frequency.

For the England-Australia air mails, therefore, one visualises a fleet of small and very fast aeroplanes, manned by a crew of two, fully equipped with blind flying instruments and wireless so that they could pierce clouds and fog, working in relays and at short intervals of time. Such a service, flying half way round the world and making an average speed of 200 or 180 m.p.h., would possess the romantic appeal of the old mail coaches. It would carry some of their glamour, for it would represent man's latest and most scientific effort in his eternal battle against time.

The kind of high speed, frequent service I have outlined would not be likely to bring monetary return at first. But the very fact that such a service would be "news," that it would be talked about and written about and that it would attract people's attention in all parts of the world, would stimulate those who are corresponding between the two countries to use it. Indeed the glamour of a high speed, night and day, air mail service, plying through all weathers, would be such that it would, in all probability, encourage and intensify correspondence in general on the route it served. Certainly nobody who wrote to Australia would be in danger of forgetting that service.

At the present moment it is rather different. If anybody thinks of using the air mail from anywhere to anywhere else, his usual preliminary reactions are expressed as follows: Is there an air mail between these two places? Will it be faster than the ordinary mail? (usually it is slower) What does it cost? To find out the answers he must obtain from "the nearest post office" the Air Mail leaflet and study it. It resembles an income tax form, but is embellished with a map. By the time the inquirer has found the answers to his questions the air mail and half a dozen other mails will have gone.

Lack of a bold, single-purpose policy in our air mails, causes them to be complex and petty and difficult to use. If one wants to use the air mail one must write one's letters at about four in the morning. If you write them any later in the day the probability is—unless you happen to live opposite one of those self-satisfied little blue pillar boxes—that they will get to their destination more quickly by the ordinary mail. But if there were a really fast and frequent air mail service; if one were to know that anything sent by air mail would get its reply before anything sent by any other kind of mail; everybody would use air mail. It is not the surcharge; but the vagueness and uncertainty of it that makes people forget the air mail.

A 200 m.p.h. service, running daily between England and Australia, leaving London every day at noon, with a fixed charge for letters up to a fixed weight, could not be forgotten or overlooked. If the MacRobertson Trophy air race brings such a service nearer it will be more than a great sporting event; it will play a part in our aeronautical development almost as important as the part that was played by that even greater sporting event, the Schneider Trophy race.

The Great Daylight Air Raid

By "Chatsworth"

WEDNESDAY, the 13th June, 1917. A gloriously fine summer's day, one of those days when life, even in the midst of a war, seems good. And yet it was to be a day which one would have thought would not be easily forgotten by Londoners, for on this day the 3rd (German) Bombing Squadron carried out the first successful daylight air-raid on London, and the most disastrous raid of the War.

High in the sky, the raiders appeared over London about 11.30 a.m., having followed the course of the river up from the coast, the wings of the sixteen Gothas flashed silver in the sun while the sustained roar of their thirty-two engines filled the air. Fleecy balls of smoke appeared as the anti-aircraft shells burst *far below* the aeroplanes the silver and white against the blue of the sky combining to produce a rather pretty effect, and the observers in the streets beneath were hard to persuade that the tiny flashes of silver came from very real messengers of death.

Over the Royal Albert Docks and the East End the first batch of bombs were dropped, and the attackers then wheeled in towards the City proper, a white light dropped from the leading machine **AND A PERFECT SHOWER OF BOMBS FOLLOWED.**

Seventy-two fell in the vicinity of Liverpool Street Railway Station, three of them exploded in the station itself, one on a train and the other two on a platform. The train was wrecked, and from the debris were taken the mangled and torn remains of sixteen dead and thirteen injured persons. A large building in Fenchurch Street was destroyed by two bombs, and nineteen more people met with a violent death; in another building in Aldgate High Street twelve more were killed, while a small private house in Bethnal Green was wrecked and added eight others to the list of dead. In Beech Court, E.C., a further eight were killed or died; a Central Street, Finsbury, building added thirteen, and four were killed in the Royal Mint.

Ghastly, however, as were these scenes of death and desolation, they were easily surpassed by the tragic happening in Stepney. A bomb struck the roof of the Upper North Street L.C.C. School, and, tearing its way through three floors, it burst with frightful effect in an infants' class-room where the tiny tots, little more than babies, were sitting at a lesson. Sixteen of them were killed instantly, and of the thirty-one injured, two died later. The death-roll would undoubtedly have been much higher but that the bomb in its passage through the school split into two portions, one of which failed to explode.

East, North and South of London were all visited by the raiders and bombed, with varying degrees of horror, almost every kind of building,

public and private, being destroyed or damaged. One hundred and twenty-six bombs in all were dropped, one hundred and sixty-two persons were killed, and four hundred and thirty-two injured, easily the largest number of casualties caused during the raids. The monetary value of the damage inflicted was estimated at more than £126,000.

Those in charge of the defences did their best, but the shells from the guns could not reach the 12,000 to 13,000 feet at which the enemy were flying. Ninety-four British machines were sent up to engage the attackers, and yet so vast are the three dimensions of space that only five succeeded in finding and opening fire on them. The gallant efforts of their individual attacks against such greatly superior numbers were unavailing, and the only result was that one of the British observers was shot dead by hostile machine-gun fire. Not one of the raiding machines was brought down.

The raid created a tremendous amount of indignation, and violent protests were made about the poorness of our defences, which were subsequently strengthened at the expense of the army fighting on the Western Front.

TO-DAY THE DEARLY-PURCHASED LESSON APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN, NOT ONLY BY THE AUTHORITIES, BUT BY THE PUBLIC ALSO, AND THE ABSOLUTE INADEQUACY OF OUR PROTECTION AGAINST AIR ATTACKS IS REGARDED WITH COMPLACENCY BY ALL BUT A FEW. If sixteen machines, slow and of comparatively small bomb-carrying capacity, could do so much damage and cause such heavy loss of life, what would be the result of a visit from the ten, twenty, the hundred times that number that a hostile power could now easily send immediately war was declared?

And if ninety-four fighters not only were unable to prevent sixteen bombers from reaching London, but also failed to exact vengeance on their return, what number is required to ensure reasonable security to-day?

Admittedly it is a practical impossibility to prevent each and every raiding machine reaching the capital, but that is scarcely sufficient reason for offering any potential enemy such a tempting target free, gratis and for nothing. Raids during the war ceased only when the raiders were compelled to pay such a heavy price that the game was no longer worth the candle. That should be our policy to-day. **MAKE THE GAME NOT WORTH THE CANDLE BY BUILDING AN AIR FORCE SECOND TO NONE.**

Remove the temptation of an easy conquest and you, at the same time, remove one of the great incentives to war.

Politics in Spain

By Arthur S. Loveday

THE situation in Spain has become so complicated, and there are so many parties and tendencies, that the reading foreign public which is following the trend of affairs can be expected to find it almost incomprehensible.

It may, therefore, be interesting to pick out the principal leaders, tendencies and parties and place them alongside each other so that some idea can be formed of the actual position in this fascinating and charming, but very Eastern, country and the possible trend of future political events. Let us leave on one side the smaller and less important leaders and their parties, whose name is legion, and devote ourselves entirely to the more important leaders and parties who have some definite creed or programme and who are not purely personal parties as are most of the smaller ones.

As he has been Prime Minister so often recently, it would be well to begin with don Alejandro Lerroux and his party—the radical party. Now, there is more than one radical party, but that of Lerroux is the greatest and only important one, and he has been their leader for several decades. He was, until the advent of the Republic, looked upon as one of the most extreme radical agitators of the country, and he formed with the Socialists and other extreme leaders one of the original revolutionary caucus which became the first Republican Government in April, 1931. He is an old and clever parliamentarian, a facile and eloquent speaker and, when events showed that the pendulum was swinging round to the Rights, he abandoned his alliance with the Socialists and became Prime Minister with the support of the parties of the Right.

A Leader Who Inspires

The strongest and best organised party of the Right is called Acción Popular, or the National Agrarian Party, of which the leader is Señor don Gil Robles, comparatively young and a new figure in Spanish politics. This has the support of the Church and bases itself definitely on Christianity and on opposition to Marxism. Evidence of its tendencies was strongly given at the recent assembly of its young followers at the historic Escorial, where a huge open-air mass was attended by forty thousand people in the teeth of a blizzard blowing from the Guaderrama mountains. The party has the advantage in Sr. Robles of a leader who inspires their enthusiasm, who is an able parliamentarian and tactician, and has so far evaded compromising his party as attached definitely to either the Republican or Monarchist forms of government. His attitude gives the impression of marking time, as there can be no doubt that his followers have monarchist sympathies.

On the Left are the Socialists and kindred parties, the most powerful of which is the Socialist party, which counts among its leaders many of the original revolutionary caucus, the outstanding

figure being Sr. Azaña, Prime Minister during the first two years of the Republic. During their period of power this party passed and implanted a completely Marxian system of legislation which destroyed the edifices of the legal system, army, navy and Church, and reduced the finances and industry of the country to a state of chaos such as has seldom been seen.

Their record is the chief contributive factor to the general disorder and discontent, which has caused the swing of the pendulum against them, and they are in danger of suffering the same fate that has befallen their co-religionists in other countries of Europe. Their original access to power was gained by their alliance with the Left parties of Catalonia, who were in their turn supported by the red anarchist-sindicalists. Since their fall from power, the Socialists have to a great extent thrown off the mask of hostility to the anarchists and their Moscow-directed policy, and are now acting with them and preaching the "direct action" and bloody revolution of their allies.

Such are, shortly, the three chief visible parties in the Spanish muddle. On the Right stands Acción Popular, with a gingering by the Fascist party under young Antonio Primo de Rivera, who is openly on the side of monarchy; in the middle come the opportunist party, the radicals, and on the Left stand the Socialists, with their gingering of Anarchists and Communists.

President v. Parliament

The pressure of the majority of the Right parties in the Cortes has eventually obtained the passing of the Amnesty Bill, which frees all the political enemies of the Republic, said to number some eight thousand. If the agitation against the republican governments was acute before, what will it be like now? With General Sanjurjo, leader of the August, 1932, counter revolution, and his friends free, there will be no lack of leaders. It is hardly surprising that Alcalá Zamorra, the president, refused for several days to sign the law and only eventually signed with a simultaneous note signifying his disapproval. But the significant fact, which hardly appears to have been noted, is that there is now introduced a further factor of disruption, namely a conflict between President and Parliament.

It has been the fashion to say that Monarchy v. Republicanism is no longer a factor in Spain and that Republicanism is firmly established, but this does not appear to be so when looked at in a proper perspective and with an eye to history. Brushing aside all the many questions and disputes which cloud the central issues, these would seem to be clearly individualism and Christianity v. Marxism and Republic v. Monarchy. The conflict between these issues becomes daily more acute, and it is difficult to visualise how they can continue to live side by side without an appeal to force.

They Came to Our Country

By H. Wynn Jones

I

"THEY mi't as well be blind for all they see of the country they're supposed to be so fond on."

This from old George who had pulled his team up for a breather under the shelter of the great straggling hazel hedge.

The little party of be-rucksacked hikers with their knees turning bluish, and their cudgels carried with an air of self-conscious defiance, trailed forlornly along the path with scarcely a glance to right or left.

They might have been a chain gang for all the interest they displayed in their surroundings.

High up in the blue-grey a flight of fieldfares "chack-chacked" as they drifted southwards down wind.

"Storm before we'm a day older," grunted George. But not a single hiker's head turned skywards.

II

Steadily, hour after hour, the brightest, smartest little cock chaffinch in the whole shire had been precising endings to his little lay. It had only come to him that very morning when he recalled the graceful figure of the demure little hen who had "pinked" at him yesterday.

The branch of the old crab-apple made a splendid perch. He was conspicuous there, and he could sweep the whole orchard with one glance. If that boastful bird who had taken up his abode along the lane should venture near he would soon be observed. So too would the quite mousy little hen, should she condescend to call to inquire whether he could remember the whole of his little love song.

"Fancy saying they couldn't get tea for all ot us. Why. Its a farmhouse isn't it?" Thus the petulant blonde who held the map and vaguely turned and twisted it in the hope of finding which way to go.

The others waited for their directions.

"Oh! I wish that bird would shut up with its monotonous wheeze," and she shied a stick un into the crab-apple tree.

III

"Now that's what I call thoroughly slack farming, and I'm surprised the authorities don't step in and do something about it."

The leader of the party pointed out a patch of uncut thistle, knapweed and agrimony close to the stackyard.

The most musical twitter in the whole world marked the flight of a party of little birds from the patch, the watery sun glinting on scarlet and gold as they dipped and wavered.

"Them weeds be left there for a purpose, Sir," said the old man who unexpectedly hobbled out of the stackyard. "You see sir, my wife dearly loves to hear and see them there little goldspinks of a sunny day in winter. Makes her

think of spring, she says."

"Goldfinches he means I suppose, Margaret," said the leader. "Quaint how local words survive."

"Goldfinches! Rubbish. They're cage birds. I know because my uncle used to cross them with canaries."

IV

Right from the edge of the laneside, up the steep bank to the roots of the hazels and hollies, the curled leafheads of dogs' mercury, lords and ladies and many another plant jostled and pushed towards the light.

Sheets of vivid moss, patches of dog violet leaves, dead nettle struggled for their territory against other anxious occupants of that rich mould-laden bank.

A precocious lesser celandine, glossy leaved, had thrust out a flower head, and the sun had given it just enough encouragement.

Burnished as bright as any old treasured brass piece on a cottage mantel shelf, the flower had expanded proudly and gloriously, certain that at last there could be no mistake about the arrival of spring.

"Do you know, these damned dandelions flourish everywhere," said the leader of the little party of youthful enthusiasts and nature students, as he snicked off the flower head with a deft swing of his stick.

"But it's pretty even if it is a weed," said another, treading flaming gold into a muddy rut.

V

Uncertain which way they wanted to go a score or so of larks wavered and chortled over the stubble just as the light started to fail, and with great commotion two cock partridges began to argue over the merits of the lady of their joint choice. Chuffing and clattering they became more and more acrimonious. Threats piled on abuse until the running fight commenced. Blinded by hatred, fury and jealousy, pursuer and pursued circled and turned at tremendous speed, their tiny legs twinkling, their little brown bodies darting over the grass, their funny little brains obsessed with the age old fundamental idea of battle to the death for a mate of one's choice.

"Yes, those are certainly partridges," agreed the members of the little group, their attention attracted by the commotion.

The tiny brown figures, careless of everything but their loves and hates, headed directly for the group.

"I can't understand why uncle used to say partridges were such difficult birds to shoot," said Margaret.

Aye, George lad, you were right: "They mi't as well be blind for all they see . . ."

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they miss.

They Came to Our Country

When the first white men came to our country, they found us living in peace and harmony with each other and with the land.

We were a people of peace and love, and we lived in harmony with the land and with each other.

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THE WORLD'S BEST AEROPLANES

Latest British Civil and military machines: 1, The Vickers-Supermarine "Scapa," flying boat; 2, the world's fastest four-engined air liner, the De Havilland 86. Top speed more than 170 miles per hour; 3, a squadron of Hawker "Furies" flying in formation; 4, Fairey Fox III, multi-seater ship-plane; 5, the world's fastest military

Salmon in the Thames

By Eric Hardy

THE editor of Walton's "Compleat Angler," like Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Inspector of Salmon Fisheries, the celebrated Frank Buckland, informed us that, "It is a long time since any salmon have been seen in the Thames."

But there *are* salmon in the Thames. Certainly you cannot call them *salmo salar*, Izaak Walton's "king of freshwater fish," but you can call them *salmo hucho*, which is a second cousin to the pride of the Dee and the Wye. These Thames Huchen salmon, which are non-migratory, were introduced into the river by the Thames Salmon Association in April, 1905, and in the sixth annual report of the Association for that year, the successful transport of 20,000 ova from Vienna is described, and the fry were later reported "doing well."

These Thames salmon play much more like pike in their fighting than our English salmon, and after the first rush the battle is more or less a tug-of-war. Strong tackle is needed, for the Thames salmon grows to a good size and is a powerful fish. Many anglers have reported in the last twelve months seeing large specimens in the Thames.

Three days after their arrival in 1905, the

Danubian salmon ova hatched out, and on May 20th some were turned out into the stream. On May 26th, the late Mr. W. Crosbie Gilbey, who was responsible for the introduction of these salmon into the Thames, entered in his diary, "the Huchen seem to be doing wonderfully well." On June 20th his diary records, "The Huchen are getting on very well and growing fat," and on October 13th, four hundred really fine four-month old Huchen salmon were caught up from these streams and put into the Thames at Lord Boston's private water at Hedsor, Lady Boston herself turning the largest fish into the Thames. In the April of 1912 these salmon were reported from various parts of the Thames to be twelve pounds in weight. So the great experiment succeeded.

But the time when the migratory salmon of our northern salmon-rivers entered the Thames is very long ago. The last ordinary salmon was taken in the Thames in 1833; since then pollution has killed the Thames salmon. One hundred and fifty years ago the Thames fishermen could be seen hauling up their boats at Barton and emptying out the salmon they had caught in the neighbourhood, but these salmon were not caught with the fly.

Vegetable Victims

MAKE no apology for reiterating an ancient grouse. Why is it that one can enter a restaurant of considerable pretensions only to find that, while most of the fare is excellent, the vegetables are positively repellent?

Cabbages are plunged into cauldrons of boiling water as though they were lobsters, and the hateful savoy, which requires the most careful treatment to be eatable at all, is served in the same cavalier manner. The result is a bitter, fibrous mass without a trace of savoury aroma.

There is no reason for this. It is just as simple to put the cabbage into a double saucepan, moist after washing but otherwise without water, and allow it to cook in its own juice. The result, blended with butter and plenty of pepper and salt, is a dish worth eating. In fact, I know no vegetable with so subtle a flavour as a cabbage properly cooked.

Potatoes are cruelly massacred. A potato peeled and then boiled is a flavourless object. It has been robbed of all its personality by this culinary crime. Yet how often can one get a potato boiled in its skin?

The same thing applies to other vegetables. Peas are tossed like so many shrimps into the pot, sometimes a sprig of mint is carelessly flung after

it, and the wretched things are left to boil until "soft." And, when peas are in season, the cook will continue this process day after day, without any attempt at variation.

It never occurs to her that peas are aristocrats who expect to be well treated and smartly turned out. Even the simple peasant manner with onions and carrots is beyond her ken. As for the classic *Petit Pois à la Française* with the heart of a lettuce, some button onions, a bouquet of parsley and chervil, and a generous allowance of butter with still more at the end as a binding, one might as well sigh for the moon!

This lettuce business is another thing that is badly managed in England. The English salad is a truly horrible concoction: a jumble of limp leaves and an indiscriminate mixture of tomatoes, beetroot and hard-boiled egg.

Though there are many elaborate salads, each with their particular excellence, I ask no more than that the simplest shall be well served. Crisp lettuce, a properly made dressing with salt, pepper, French mustard, wine vinegar, and plenty of oil; a couple of small crusts rubbed with garlic, and sometimes, in the summer, a little chopped tarragon is all I demand.

The trouble is I can't get it!

D.L.L.

A 17th Century Mariner

Sailor and Artist Too

MR. BASIL LUBBOCK deserves the thanks of all students of seventeenth century English history and of that section of the reading public that delights to delve into ancient records for rescuing from the obscurity in which it has so long lain the truly remarkable Journal of that old windjammer shellback, Edward Barlow. ("Barlow's Journal," Hurst & Blackett, two volumes, 18s. each).

As regards the original manuscript, Mr. Lubbock says:

"How he managed to write and draw so beautifully in the dank, dark forecables of ships, which rolled and tossed like barrels in even the slightest sea, passes my comprehension. Probably his only writing-desk and drawing-board were the lid of his sea-chest and his only light a purser's tallow dip . . . No man was neater, tidier or more particular about cleanliness, and the closely written pages of tough linen paper are astonishingly clean with no stains beyond those of salt water. Though he taught himself to write, from the very first word his caligraphy is excellent; his drawing, too, shows exceptional artistic talent."

Of the 182 coloured and pencil drawings in the original manuscript (representing ships and ports, sea-birds and fish and even "olifants"), it has only been possible to reproduce a certain proportion, but those given afford ample proof of the delicate artistry of this self-taught seaman.

His Adventurous Career

And what an amazingly adventurous career he had from the day when, weary of working for a whitester or bleacher, he left Lancashire for London and saw ships in the Thames. As an apprentice on the "Naseby," later christened the "Royal Charles," he witnessed Charles II's return as King to England, thereafter fighting in King's ships against Barbary Pirates and the Dutch and being wounded in the Four Days' Battle in 1666. After this came a series of four voyages to India and China, in a Pink with pickled herrings to the Mediterranean and in another merchant-man to the West Indies. On one of his China voyages he was taken prisoner by the Dutch. On another occasion he was shipwrecked on the Goodwin Sands.

He is fond of contrasting the perils and hardships of a sailor's life with the ease and comfort of the landlubber's existence; yet he admits "the calling is not altogether bad," despite the practices of the time for robbing the poor sailor of his well-earned pay. He gives us interesting glimpses of the early settlements of John Company in India and also an insight into the East India Company's methods of safeguarding its trade monopoly. And in addition to the light his Journal sheds on seventeenth century seafaring, we have delightful pictures of London and country life.

Barlow, if he loved roaming about the world, had a warm affection for his native land and was always glad to be back in it. To him the King's ships would always be a match for the Dutch, if there were no traitors in high places to betray them. Every now and then he rails at those traitors, for this tough old seaman was nothing if not a true patriot.

European Personalities

Nine Character Studies

HERR EMIL LUDWIG has an already established reputation as a biographer, but one must confess to missing some of his flair for vivid and accurate portraiture in the nine studies he has just produced of representative European statesmen.

Possibly this is accounted for by the fact that his knowledge of some of the nine is somewhat meagre. Mr. Lloyd George, for example, whom he has chosen as the representative of Britain, obviously baffles him; all he can find in the Welsh wizard is a "fundamental naivety" that reconciles the irreconcilable!

But an even greater handicap than this lack of knowledge of some of these nine "Leaders of Europe" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 18s.), is the mechanical grouping Herr Ludwig imposes upon himself. These nine personalities are divided up into "Servants of the People" or "Rulers of the People." Mr. Lloyd George, strangely enough, appears in the second group with Mussolini, Stalin and Venizelos; he is the British Odysseus, while Venizelos is the "Grecian Odysseus" and Stalin and Mussolini are "Autocrats." In the first group we have three "Europeans"—Briand, Rathenau and the Swiss Motta, and two "Philanthropists"—Nansen and Masaryk.

Further, apart from this rather absurd classification, Herr Ludwig is intent upon making his characters fit in somehow into his own philosophy of internationalism. They don't, of course, fit in, but Herr Ludwig slurs over the difficulty by emphasising that in the transition period ahead strong leadership may have compensations:

"To one who has conceived world history as definitely based on the lives of individuals, government by four hundred mediocrities must seem less acceptable than the rule of a competent dictator. I should readily take part in the hero worship which holds the youth of Europe in its fanatical grip to-day if only I could see a few more heroes to worship. Personally I should far prefer to be ruled dictatorially by Masaryk than democratically by the Palais Bourbon."

The Dour Stalin

Masaryk is clearly Herr Ludwig's chief hero, but he has also a sneaking admiration for both Mussolini and Stalin. The latter he describes as a man "to whose care I would readily confide the education of my children." Yet he goes on to tell us:

"Everything about this man is heavy—his gait, his look, even the movements of his will. He has a habit of laughing often as he talks. And when he does it is a slow, sluggish kind of laughter which seems to indicate the inherent mistrust that all dictators have towards the rest of mankind. Stalin is a dour nature. He lacks that interior cheerfulness of soul which keeps patient people, like the average Russian peasant, human. In him the virtue of patience, the ability to wait, draws its sustenance from its innate mistrust. Having no trust in his fellow-beings, he has no disappointments. Hence his efficiency."

And fancy entrusting one's children to such an ogre!

Mussolini is reported as saying that he had no friends and couldn't have any, "First because of my temperament and secondly because of the opinion I hold of my fellow-men."

C.R.

Fidei Defensor

By Agnoscens

ALFRED NOYES has written a new book; perhaps—who knows?—his greatest. It is entitled "The Unknown God" published by Sheed and Ward at the popular price of 7s. 6d., and written in a prose of which no poet need feel ashamed. Here indeed is Alfred Noyes in every aspect of the man and the writer—poet and thinker, realist and idealist, analyst and zealot; above all Alfred Noyes, master of a prose comparable with that of the Bible on which his own is so largely founded. Let me quote two examples of this prose.

He is describing the tragic effect caused by the onslaught of evolutionary science in the nineteenth century upon the narrow and fundamental religious conceptions of that period. He writes: "And then—from this ineffable height of vision—an entire generation saw the light of immortality withering on the distant faces of their beloved dead." Here is surely a passage of true sublimity of thought and diction. And again in one of the last chapters of his book: "What supreme and hidden genius (for there can hardly have been more than one) invented, from all four gospels, passage after passage beyond the reach of all the masters of human expression, passages which coming from human lips would be intolerably blasphemous, and yet by virtue of the divine nimbus that they wore have drawn the world to waste its tears of adoration upon the feet of an imaginary Saviour for nineteen hundred years."

Fervour, Logic and Beauty

This book is the record of one man's mental struggle and progress through a stunned and bewildered agnosticism to the embrace of the full Christian conception; it represents the much less careful, conscientious and considered thought, the vaguer hopes and fears and aspirations of several generations. It records the mental processes (applied to the consideration of the Cosmos, of its creation, and of the relations between God and man) of the author himself from the time when, as a boy of 16, he first dipped into Huxley, to the present day in which he is armed at all points with convictions which nothing can shake and by which, as a Christian philosopher, he finds it easy to reconcile all the facts of science and to answer every riddle with which the finite mind of man can ever hope to deal.

The strength in this book lies in its fervour, in its logic, in its lucidity, and in its beauty. Weakness only comes when Mr. Noyes, exchanging zeal for irony and passion for dialectic, tackles the Bishop of Birmingham on his own ground.

This book may be a best-seller and should be a best-seller. It comes to a world which, for all the bright young things and the public advertisement of their follies, for all the froth around the edge of the glass of life, is still capable of thought and is thinking a great deal.

This book is easy to read, although it is a

careful and competent exercise of relentless thought. It is a fascinating and perfectly candid exposition of a man's soul in doubt and torment, in certainty and peace. It grapples with all the agnostics and all the scientists. It ignores neither the theory of evolution which it accepts, nor the fifteen hundred universes of Herschel which it is equally prepared to accept. It surveys the insignificance of man and the marvels of modern science and, finding above, through, and in all, the certainty of God, the "Uncaused cause," finds it natural, simple and inevitable to resolve every doubt and simplify every difficulty by a complete and reasoning acceptance of the whole of the Christian faith.

Lord Reading

"LORD READING and His Cases," by Derek Walker Smith. (Chapman and Hall, 15s.) is a case book and not a biography. The life of a Barrister inevitably presents great problems to the author. In so far as the subject contributes anything of value to the life of the nation, it is something which the average man neither has the desire nor the ability to comprehend.

At the same time Lord Reading is a well known figure. But his notoriety is derived from the causes in which he appeared, and these are often only of interest because of the social position which the parties occupied. If the book is not to be purely legal, it must be constructed on the same principles of popularity as those on which cases are published in the newspapers. That is what has been done in this book, and those who wish to read some of the well-known cases of the last few years will find much that will interest them.

The early chapters and some other parts of the book are well written. But we know little more of Lord Reading when we reach the last chapter than we did at the beginning.

The One Quality Lacking

That, of course, may not entirely be the fault of the author. We are, however, left wondering what contribution Lord Reading has made either to the legal or political life of this country.

"Subtlety of mind, charm of address, calmness of outlook and firmness, not advertised by bluster but cloaked by courtesy; these are preeminently the qualities of Lord Reading . . . Successive Governments have recognised his gift for negotiation. . . . He is constitutionally better adapted to finding the best means to arrive at an end which is not in dispute than to devise the end itself. . . ."

Mr. Walker Smith claims that it is an advantage that "it is still possible to rise high in the State without being a leader of the people." I myself wonder whether it is not this fact which is at the root of much of the trouble in which we find ourselves.

B.I.

Now that most women are slimming, tea is not the meal it was. Still, it is pleasing to find all the old favourite tea-dishes in Mr. Hall's "Five O'clock Cakes and Pastries" (Denis Archer, 3s. 6d.), besides new delicacies. Some of the recipes show considerable economy.

A Quaker's Diary

The second volume of "A Quaker Journal" (Edited by Messrs. G. E. Bryant and G. P. Baker, Hutchinsons, 18s. each volume) brings the record of William Lucas' reminiscences down to the year of his death, 1861. In this volume we have references to the repeal of the Corn Laws, the Crimean War, the Great Exhibition and such matters as the advent of the railways and the steam boat, besides interesting accounts of important personalities. Here are a few extracts:—

1845: The Railway mania must surely now have reached its height: I believe 140 different projects are now before Parliament and the shares of almost all the new lines are at a premium. New companies are advertised almost every day. We hear of large fortunes made by successful speculators and the minds of the people are unhealthily excited upon the subject.

1847: The affecting loss of the *Tweed*, one of the magnificent West India Steamers, following so soon after that of the *Great Britain*, will shake people's confidence in this improved means of communication. . . . These vessels go with such momentum that if they strike on rocks or ground they are soon all to pieces or so fast aground that they cannot be moved.

1849: Met Macaulay walking. . . . He has the countenance of a sour critic, I thought almost a Johnsonian expression. His lips were moving and he appeared evidently repeating to himself some composition, perhaps part of a work that will endure as long as the English tongue will last.

1850: Stood close to the Duke of Wellington. . . . His eyes and flushed face bore testimony to the grief he had evinced for his great friend (Sir Robert Peel). He is a fine old man. At 83 took the reins and drove off his high-spirited horse with as much steadiness as a young man.

* * *

A Hundred Million Peasants

Some cynic has said that when a man hopes for the worst he is usually able to find it without too much difficulty. This is rather the impression left by Mr. Hessel Tiltman's new book "Peasant Europe" (Jarrold's, 18s.). The Europe of which he writes lies "east of Vienna," and includes Austria, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, with a total peasant population of a hundred millions, predominantly Slavonic. All these states have what may be called a Great War mentality, with strains over frontiers and stresses over National Minority problems, and, being in the main agricultural countries, also suffer severely from the general depression. Surely a promising field for the sensationalist journalist who understands his business—as Mr. Tiltman does.

This is not to say, however, that the book has no merit. Mr. Tiltman tells us that he lived and worked with the peasants in some parts of the enormous territory of which he writes, and that he talked with them freely—in itself a linguistic feat—and thus learnt the story of Europe as the peasant sees it. Of course, it is not the story of Europe that is heard in London, and is all the more striking on that account. Whether it is the full story is another matter, but it is startling enough—as is, indeed, the whole book; in fact, it's just what its author meant it to be.

* * *

Old New England

A series of delightful pictures of New England in an age now apt to be regarded as old-fashioned form the contents of Miss Mary Ellen Chase's "A Goodly Heritage" (Constable, 7s. 6d.). Writing with humour and affection of the life of that more ordered age in one coast-town of the State of Maine and with a felicity of style that comes from an intimate study of classical literature, Miss Chase has composed a book that is a veritable joy to read, whether she be discoursing on chores and their by-products, animals, games and pastimes, religious observances, the wayfarers of the nineties, the village school, college experiences or her

grandmother's honeymoon. Out of this more stately past she gives evidence of having cultivated that condition of "merry relinquishment and larger understanding" that she recommends to the middle-aged among us faced with the "Newest of Worlds."

* * *

The Camden Family

"Among all the Chancellors whose lives I have written, or who are yet in prospect before me," wrote Campbell in his "lives of the Chancellors," "there is no one whose virtues have been more highly estimated than Lord Camden's. Both as an Equity and Common Law judge his authority continues to be held in reverence by the profession. As a politician he is held up as a bright example of consistency and true patriotism to all generations of future English lawyers." Mr. Henry S. Eeles' "Lord Chancellor Camden and His Family," (Philip Alan, 12/6) not only gives a vivid and entertaining sketch of the Lord Chancellor, but it starts with the Pratts on the borders of Devon and Somerset in 1490 and brings the history down to the present day. It recounts among other things how John Pratt, later Lord Chief Justice and the father of the Lord Chancellor, soon after leaving Wadham College, had the misfortune to offend Jefferies, who was then Lord Chief Justice.

It was the future Lord Chancellor Camden who presided over the Wilkes cases, and there are many sidelights on the political life of that time: George III, Fox, Burke, Pitt, Shelburne, Rockingham, Grafton, all make their appearance in this book. Nor is its interest confined to law and high politics. The family held land at Kentish Town, which was referred to by Horace Walpole in a letter to Miss Berry: "Lord Camden has just let ground at Kentish Town for building fourteen hundred houses—nor do I wonder. London is I am certain much fuller than ever I saw it." It was these three hundred acres which formed the nucleus of what was later Camden Town.

* * *

Cricket Records and Experiences

With cricket in full swing and the Test Matches about to start, the moment is auspicious for chronicles and records of the game. These are supplied in three books.

"The Cricketers' Who's Who" by S. Canynge Caple (Lincoln Williams, 3/6, illustrated), contains a complete record of the performances of all the living giants of the game as well as of the lesser exponents of it, the first portion being devoted to English cricketers and the latter portion, an appendix, to cricketers hailing from Australia, South Africa, West Indies and India.

In "The Cream of Cricket" (Methuen, 5/- illustrated), Mr. William Pollock, who under the pseudonym "Googly" is the cricket authority on a well-known daily, sets out some of his experiences as player and writer over a period covering 40 years.

Maurice Tate is the author of the third book "My Cricket Reminiscences" (With a foreword by A. P. F. Chapman, Stanley Paul, 5/-). In this he tells us that as late as the age of 15 he was poor at cricket, the only promise he showed in a sporting line being in soccer football. However, as the son of a cricketer, the love of the game was in his blood and he must have inherited some of his bowling talent (which afterwards developed) from his father. The Bombardier clearly has enjoyed his life as a cricketer to the full and his book furnishes plenty of evidence of this enjoyment. There is only one unpleasant incident he records and that was in connection with his choice for the last Australian tour. He was summoned to Lord's and told that he was lucky to have been chosen as "there had been matches in which I was considered not to have tried." This to Maurice Tate of all people, of whom Mr. Pollock writes, in the book mentioned above, "His whole mind, his whole purpose are concentrated upon knocking batsmen's stumps out of the ground or in luring them to put up catches." Tate has no grudge over his exclusion from the Australian Tests, but suggests that Larwood would have secured equally good results bowling to an orthodox field. "I have certainly never seen such fast bowling."

Latest Fiction

In "Scarlet Woman" (Appleton-Century Co., 7s. 6d.). Mr. Octavus Roy Cohen gives us the entertaining consequences of a reversal of fortune, whereby two young people, frowned on by the inhabitants of a small American town, become the financial overlords of the place and the masters of those who had tried to spoil their lives. The final balancing of the account between the young pair and the town is an appropriate ending to a lively story.

Mr. Jack Lawson, the Miners' M.P., established his name as a writer with "A Man's Life," which evoked a chorus of well-deserved praise from all the critics. He has now written a novel round the miners' life and the post-war problem of unemployment ("Under the Wheels," Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). It is a story of simple grandeur, of great courage in danger and adversity; and with a simplicity of language well-suited to his theme Mr. Lawson reveals to his uninitiated reader that "rich, fragrant sentiment" that colours the seemingly colourless existence of the miners and their families.

An American family had always wanted to live in the country and at last the desire was gratified. But as often happens with human wishes the fulfilment of this family's desire did not bring all the satisfaction anticipated. Contentment, however, eventually arrived. This is the plot on which Nella Garner builds a quietly amusing story ("Pain is a Blacksmith," Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.).

The mother of a household is often indispensable, too much so at times for her own peace of mind. Of such a mother Lady Maud Batchelor tells us in "The Woman of the House" (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.), only for our greater entertainment she makes this mother almost as irresponsible and carefree as the children by whom she is "submerged." It is a delightful tale of high spirits in a large family, with pen and ink sketches by Thea Doniach to add further piquancy to the humour.

Mrs. Jo van Ammers-Kuller is a well-known Dutch author whose novels "The Rebel Generation," "Tantalus" and "Jenny Heyston's Career" have found an appreciative public both in this country and America. Her latest book "The House of Joy" (Jarrolds, 7/6) is a supplement rather than a sequel to "Jenny Heyston's Career," being a sort of amplification of the earlier story about Jenny. "The House of Joy" was the name given to the theatre where this adventurous young lady, of poor but proud family, made her plunge into theatrical life; it was intended to be a model theatre in which the love of art was to predominate and there were to be no jealousies, petty meannesses or displays of temper—a fine ideal which malice and envy eventually wrecked. This new book presents us with an obviously authentic picture of the new and the older generations in Holland to-day.

What would Elizabeth Pepys have had to say about her husband, had she kept a diary and been able to decode that very human document Samuel so industriously compiled in cipher? Miss F. D. Ponsonby Senior, who has already written a book on the Gay King, Charles II and his times, gives the answer in "The Diary of Mrs. Pepys" (Hurst & Blackett, 7s. 6d., with illustrations by Barbosa) This, of course, is pure fiction, though the author has been very careful to synchronise Mrs. Pepys' diary with that of her husband and to introduce no fictitious characters or incidents. In this book we have no "poor wretch" or fool as Samuel in his irritation would occasionally dub her, but the really sprightly wife she might have been, well able to "bottom" Samuel's "character" in the way she is made to do in this lively diary.

Tarzan of the Apes, with a new series of thrilling adventures, once more makes his appearance in the environment which he thrives in and loves in Mr. Edgar Burroughs' "Tarzan Triumphant" (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.).

Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

I have always thought that if anyone could conceive how to do it, the most magnificent mystery-crime story could be written about a Scotch express which left London for Edinburgh sharp to time on a winter evening and simply vanished on its journey. Don't ask me to explain how: I have pondered that problem too often. But I offer the suggestion to Mr. Douglas G. Browne who in "Plan XVI" (Methuen 7/6) has dealt so admirably with crime on the Grand Scale.

His crime is that of the destruction of Atlantic Liners, sunk without trace for a very reasonable purpose. His villains are not interested in a single murder; they are prepared to do in two or three thousand men, women and children at a time to gain their ends. His method of construction is unconventional and his story is a good one. He gets his grim atmosphere well and yet manages to keep a light touch. There is no lack of thrills in "Plan XVI" and not its least merit is that it makes the almost impossible seem almost probable.

Arrange not to be disturbed when you sit down to this book, for you will want to go clean through with it before doing anything else.

The Sinister Underworld

"S.O.S." is the title of a book of three typical stories by Sidney Horler (Hutchinson 7/6) and "S.O.S." is the best of the three. There is, as the dust cover proclaims, a "punch on every page" and sinister figures of the underworld do sinister things in the breathlessly exciting way which Mr. Horler is so skilled in suggesting.

A Midnight Problem

The problem propounded by Cecil M. Wills in "Author in Distress" (Heritage 7/6) is a good one. At midnight the "Author" telephones in distress to the police. "I've just shot a man" he says frankly. "Yes, he's dead all right. He fired at me first—it's a burglar. Please come quickly." And when the police come they find that the intruder has been shot twice, in the back, and has no weapon upon him. And that makes it awkward for the "Author." But it makes a very readable and quick moving story before it is all explained, despite the fact that the methods of Mr. Wills' policeman are a little easy going.

Card Sharpers

"Stacked Cards" is a Falcon Crime Book (John Lane 8/6) written by Dare Phillips, described as a well-known gambler, and it tells the truth about the ways of card sharpers and confidence men, which are stranger than fiction. So are the ways of their victims, of whom the author candidly admits more than once to have been one. There is a grand story of a cockroach race in "Long's Bar," that used to be in Clifford Street, for £2,500 a side, which the sharps won by starting their "roach" from a nearly red hot plate. Yet the impression given by Dare Phillips is that which most of us know to be true—crime is a dull, humdrum business.

But "Stacked Cards" is not dull by any means.

Wireless and the Car

By Maynard Greville

SOME of the comments one hears on the subject of the new Road Bill and driving generally throw an interesting light on the mentality of the modern driver.

I heard one recently who was in the motor trade and though a comparatively young man he had a good deal of driving experience. He was holding forth on the iniquities of the proposed new speed limit and particularly on the section which makes it possible for one's licence to be suspended for short periods for careless driving. A little later this same person, without a blush, solemnly told us that he had had a narrow shave that very afternoon, which he admitted was entirely his fault.

He said that he was passing another car going in the same direction, on a blind corner and was not even looking at the road as he was turning round and talking to the passenger in the back seat. A car came in the opposite direction and succeeded in stopping dead and pulling on to the grass and so avoiding the accident. He did have the decency to say "Of course I waved to him and said I was sorry."

Deserved Prison

I then pointed out that he had brazenly confessed to committing some of the worst crimes that a motorist can commit and seemed to be almost proud of it. Here was an obvious case of a man who, not content with passing another car on a blind corner, must add to the offence by not even looking where he was going and talking to the passenger in the back seat. I said that if I was a magistrate I should have had no alternative than to suspend his licence for at least six months and that if an accident had occurred, which in the circumstances was bound to be serious, he thoroughly deserved to go to prison.

He looked a little uncomfortable and had to admit that he was completely in the wrong, but seemed to think that as he had smiled sweetly at the other driver, he had done everything that could be expected.

It is of course the human factor in driving which leads to most of the disasters. All of us make a mistake sometime or other and sometimes we are lucky enough to get away with those mistakes. A man may drive for twenty years with absolute rectitude and then suddenly one day in a moment of inattention he may make some slip which may cost him his life and the lives of several other people.

Another factor which is receiving a great deal of attention at the present moment is the fitting of wireless to cars. I have driven many vehicles so fitted, but only recently made a prolonged test to see whether it affected my driving to any extent.

In some quarters it has been urged that the fitting of wireless sets in cars is only going to add another danger to the roads, as it will tend to dis-

tract the driver's attention and make for more accidents.

Recently I had to test one of the new Packhards which was fitted with a very excellent Philco set and I deliberately kept it on while I was traversing both town and country.

I found that it made but little difference, providing the matter being broadcast was of little interest. The usual "dope" music being sent out by light orchestras or jazz bands merely providing a pleasing background to the business of driving. I am afraid, however, if I had got on to a really good orchestra I should have had to have stopped the car, but that would have been an entirely personal matter.

Ordinary light music or entertainment it does not seem to me would impair the efficiency of one's driving at all, though for certain people when a subject is touched on that requires concentration the matter is rather different.

At any rate, wireless is very much safer than some passengers who will indulge in a conversation which requires intelligent answers during the whole journey. One does not have to go to the other extreme and sit in absolute silence, but on the whole there is a lot too much talking done in private cars at the present time.

Non-Stop Talkers

I once drove an Australian right through from London to Glasgow and he never stopped talking for a single instant. I have never felt nearer murder when on going over the top near Brough with that glorious view of Cumberland lying before one, he would insist on cross-questioning me as to my opinion of chilled meat as compared with fresh.

A wireless set would have been an absolute blessing with this type of individual.

There is one thing, however, that a wireless set does do, and that is that it makes it impossible to hear the warning notes of the horns of other vehicles. Generally speaking, I am not one of those people who believe in relying on the hooter for safety. I have several friends who are absolutely stone deaf and who nevertheless are extremely good drivers. On the other hand there are occasions when it is an advantage to be able not only to hear the horn of another car but actually to be able to hear the sound of its approach. With wireless this is impossible and this is perhaps the only point on which wireless in the car can be criticised on the score of danger.

Many drivers rely much too much on their hooters, and think that when they have sounded their horn they have done everything that is required. These are just as wrong as the fanatics who never use a horn at all. One has only to be driving different types of cars from day to day as I do to realise how much more dangerous is the silent car than the noisy one.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editor should not exceed 250 words in length.

The Mt. Everest Flight

SIR,—Like you, I was amazed to find in the *Times*' report of the opening of the Dover exhibition of pictures of the Mt. Everest flight an entire absence of any reference to the part played by Lady Houston in financing that flight. Without Lady Houston's assistance that flight obviously could not have taken place and I should like to add from my own experience of Bihar inhabitants that the flight did make an enormous impression at the time on Indian mentality. The courage and daring of that flight afforded proof to the Indian mind that the same qualities that established the British Raj in India were still to be found in Englishmen even when Whitehall was busy abdicating in India. Once could wish, so far as India is concerned, there were a few more Lady Houstons to uphold Britain's prestige.

ON LEAVE FROM INDIA.

East India United Service Club,
18, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

Empire Air Mails

SIR,—I was very much interested in Mr. Oliver Stewart's article recommending the speeding up of the Empire Air services by the employment of faster machines. This is a very important matter and it is to be hoped that it will receive the attention it deserves. But one gathers from a recent speech of the Postmaster-General, Sir Kingsley Wood, that he recognises the need for having separate aeroplanes for postal and passenger services and believes that there can be no real progress till the air mails are carried by machines that fly by night as well as day. If this differentiation is necessary, why are no steps being taken to carry it out? Once more the Post Office seems to be pursuing its old familiar policy of waiting for private enterprise to provide the necessary spur to action.

P. H. HENDERSON.

Seascale.

Dramatic Critic's Comment

SIR,—Your Dramatic Critic's notice about the performance of "Crime et Chatiment" seems to have been dictated by other than purely dramatic considerations. Surely it is irrelevant, in a dramatic criticism, to say "when I know there are so many English actors out of work I find my enthusiasm slightly dampened." It is also a little disingenuous to complain "*I would not mind if the actors were of an all-round excellence*" when it is obvious that your critic *does* mind. (The italics are mine).

This "Ere's a furriner, let's 'eave arf a brick at 'im" attitude may be patriotic "and all that," but it is not criticism. Your critic, of course, has a right to his opinion about the French actors, but this opinion should be supported by genuine criticism and not by a paean on the superiority of English actors to all foreigners.

G. H. TICKEL.

2, The Moorings, Strand-on-the-Green,
Chiswick.

[When so many English actors are out of work, our dramatic critic's remark was not only quite relevant, but fully justified. Our business should be to find work for our own nationals, not to encourage foreign artists to look for remunerative work in England.—Ed.]

Crewe House Auction

[FROM LADY CYNTHIA COLVILLE]

SIR,—I am anxious to bring before you the claims of a very modest and still youthful Housing Association. Shoreditch has the least open space of any London Borough, and 97,000 people inhabit its one square mile of area.

The Shoreditch Housing Association is making a gallant effort to provide adequate accommodation for some of the worst housed citizens, and have lately purchased

LONDON'S MOST MODERN PHARMACY

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a considerable tract of land just outside the Borough, in Hackney. The money has also been raised to build 7 flats in this site, but much remains to be done, and it should be done quickly to stem the tide of deterioration and misery.

For those who can help little or much an opportunity will shortly be offered. On May 29th at Crewe House, an evening auction will be held with attractions to suit every kind of person: at one end of the scale a canvas by Simon Elwes, pictures by Augustus John, Munnings, etc., at the other end, small objets d'art, but all with charm and originality.

If everybody of good will would do their part, the question of East End housing would receive a stimulus that it would be hard to overrate.

CYNTHIA COLVILLE.

Chairman of the Publicity Committee,
Crewe House Auction.

66, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

Two-Year-Old Racing

SIR,—I fully concur with the views of Mr. Learmonth on the undesirability of early two-year-old racing. I notice that Lady Houston never runs her horses until they are in their second season, and am delighted to see that she has reaped a due reward for her patience in the excellent displays put up by Silver Belle.

Lady Houston's example is one which all true horse lovers would do well to follow. It is easy to argue that she can afford to wait her time; but other owners who can equally well do so fail to show this consideration for the welfare of the English Thoroughbred.

I wish there were more people on the turf like Lady Houston; then, perhaps, a movement might be made in the right direction.

CHARLES VAUGHAN.

Epsom.

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

Touch Wood. Theatre Royal, Haymarket

C. L. ANTHONY has done it again, only this time rather better than before. It is a very slight story of a young girl's infatuation for a middle-aged architect whom she meets on holiday. The architect's wife has her own way of handling the situation, and the girl departs when she finds her love is not returned.

In unfolding this simple plot, C. L. Anthony has peopled her stage with some of the most delightful characters imaginable. Stafford Hilliard, as a down-trodden husband with a young flashy wife, is almost unbearably pathetic. The play is worth seeing for him alone. Dennis Arundel as a bright young composer, Eric Cowley as a monocled half wit, Frank Pettingell as a philandering Scot, and Flora Robson as an extremely sensible spinster, are all excellent. Stage children usually worry me to death, but Pamela Standish and Desmond Tester—especially the latter—have reconciled me to them for evermore.

The main burden is carried by Ian Hunter as the architect, Marie Ney as his wife, and Dorothy Hyson as the girl—three quite exquisite performances. The play is written with an abundance of humour and a far surer touch than "Autumn Crocus" or "Service," and has been produced in Mr. Basil Dean's best manner.

No Way Back. Whitehall Theatre

This is the second play this month to have a run of less than a week. How any management can know that a play is a "frost" after four performances passes my comprehension. If a play is as bad as that—and "No Way Back" (by Graham Hope) certainly is—it should never be produced at all. It is the actors who suffer most, and my sympathies are with the entire cast of "No Way Back." It was not their fault. Mary Clare, Sophie Stewart, Esme Church and Patrick Waddington did everything possible to make things go, and there was an excellent little performance from Rex Harrison. So let us forgive and forget.

The Quitter. The Royalty Theatre

Gat Charillo was a very, very bad man and it was horrid of him to threaten Tommy Carter with a jolly good bumping-off unless he forsook the path of virtue and cracked the wealthy Englishman's safe. Tommy could not very well get bumped off because his wife was shortly going to bring another little gangster into the world. Tommy cracked the safe all right, but was unlucky enough to do a bit of bumping-off on his own account, at the expense of Gat's right-hand man. Was Gat annoyed? So Tommy and Kitty had to make a get-away with the help of Buddy,

Kitty's brother and also a member of the gang. Naturally Gat gave Buddy the works—such queer works they were, too—and Buddy got bumped off on the fire-escape, and Gat was every bit as bad a man at the end of the play as he was at the beginning.

A very jejune affair altogether and one which never for one moment rang true. I suppose American gangsters do behave like that, but it all seemed very English to me. Charles Farrell, Ben Welden and Eve Gray gave excellent performances and very nearly persuaded us that we were not in Dean Street, Shaftesbury Avenue.

The play is by Guy Paxton, Edward V. Hoile and Gordon Hoile, in association with C. Stafford Dickens.

As You Like It. Regent's Park.

It was a great joy to see Shakespeare's best pastoral comedy in the "wide and universal theatre" of Regent's Park. The setting is well-nigh perfect, the costumes—beautifully designed by Philip Gough—were such as one would expect to see in Arden, and I was able to lay me down and bask in the sun, and I did laugh *sans* intermission two hours and a half by my own and everybody else's dial.

Perhaps it was a little hard to accustom one's ears to the acoustics, perhaps the prices are a little high, perhaps one or two of the performances reeked somewhat of the pantomime, but what matter? Leslie French sang delightfully as Amiens and stole the First Lord's speeches with aplomb, Nigel Playfair was a melancholy, not a mournful, Jaques, Jack Hawkins and Henry Hewitt were excellent as Orlando and Touchstone respectively, and Margaretta Scott all but acted everybody off the greensward as Celia. And Rosalind? Well Rosalind is Rosalind by whatever name she goes in private life.

Ballet at The Mercury Theatre

Personally, I like ballet even if I do not very much care for the other people who like ballet. If I had been wearing a high-necked jersey I should no doubt have derived more pleasure from the entertainment provided for me at the Mercury Theatre. Alas! my neck is short, and I have no jersey, so I had to judge the performance as an ordinary member of the public.

I found it quite delightful. The colour of it all enchanted me, and the tall gracefulness of Pearl Argyle, together with the roguish impertinence of Alice Markova, sent me home completely happy.

DIRECT subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the *Saturday Review*, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

THERE are probably as many different ways of growing old as there are ways of growing up. In music the supreme example of vitality in old age is, of course, Verdi, whose *Falstaff* belongs to his eightieth year and still holds its place as a piece of transcendent virtuosity. Wagner was a tired man when, at the age of sixty-six, he had completed *Parsifal*. Beethoven's death at fifty-seven was, in a sense, accidental. In spite of his deafness and blindness he was still a tremendous intellectual force; it was that last attack of influenza (or whatever they called it) that killed him—he should not have died just then. His youthful development had nothing in it of the precocity of Mozart, and those last Quartets were pointing towards an unusually interesting development in later-middle life.

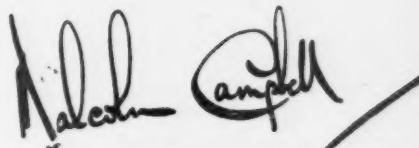
In the case of Richard Strauss, whose *Arabella* has just been produced at Covent Garden, you have the creative gift showing signs of deterioration about the age of fifty. Next month the eminent Bavarian will be seventy. Before the War he was already at work on his *Alpine Symphony*, an elaborate composition produced in 1915 and first heard in England in 1923. At this time decay had clearly set in; the light-heartedness of 1910, when he was occupied with *Der Rosenkavalier*, had apparently passed for ever. In this latest opera to a libretto of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, one is conscious of a pathetic effort to recapture the essential Viennese spirit which was and is *Der Rosenkavalier*. When the first Act of *Arabella* was broadcast at its production in Dresden last year it was possible to be deceived into feeling that the old Richard Strauss had returned, making music once more in the language and rhythm of Vienna. He had; but it was a Strauss just twenty-three years older, saying the same things with but a semblance of the same manner and the same vitality.

The Fatigue of Richard Strauss

Covent Garden has done the obvious thing in producing the most recent work by one of the greatest of living masters, even if (like Wagner and others before him) that master should be a tired man. But the fatigue, too, is obvious, all too obvious. There is little inventiveness in the story of the hard-up aristocrat and his wife who want to marry off their daughter Arabella to some rich suitor and the rich suitor finding a rival already at hand. The intrigues that go to pad out the opera to three acts are of a kind so outworn that it is impossible to be more than slightly interested in their manipulation. Here and there the music has charm; here and there the waltz rhythms have the genuine voltage; here and there the melodic (and generally chromatic) line has the quality of sensuous appeal which Richard Strauss has long used with such cunning. But it is all worked out on a formula, or set of formulas, the composer initiated in *Don Juan* about forty-six years ago and brought to full use in *Rosenkavalier*.

In *Arabella* the orchestra is going practically full tilt all the time, as though the composer were

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better oil than
Wakefield
Castrol
I should use it"**



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making up for lack of ideas by a surfeit of conversation, afraid of any lessening of the tension, afraid of being found out. This is the real pathos of *Arabella*.

In its desire to mount an opera like this sumptuously the directorate has succeeded; the ballroom scene, Act II, was particularly luxurious in effect. But the much advertised improvement in stage lighting is still something of a myth, and there were shadows on ceiling and wall in Act I that must have had some occult explanation. The casting, too, showed no higher standard of selection than that of the worst post-War managements, if no lower. We certainly had a charming and credible "boy" in the person of Margit Bokor, who sings as well as she acts, and there was a first-rate tenor in Martin Kremer, who played the part of Matteo, one of Arabella's suitors. Of the other principals, the less said the better. As far as one could judge in listening to an unfamiliar score, the orchestral playing under Clemens Krauss, the Viennese conductor, was up to the London Philharmonic's own fine standard.

For Bach Lovers

"Johann Sebastian Bach," by C. Hubert H. Parry (New Edition, Putnam, 6s.), is a book to be treasured by all intelligent music-lovers. When it was first published in 1909, the music of the great Sebastian had not then attained the sort of box-office popularity it has to-day at certain Queen's Hall concerts. Sir Hubert Parry, himself a member of the Bach Choir, no doubt contributed towards that popularity by the charming blend of scholarship and enthusiasm which is the characteristic quality of this now standard work.

Mr. Roosevelt and Silver

Quiet Revival in Gold-Mining Shares

[By Our City Editor]

HAVING attempted to achieve a rapid rise in commodity prices through dollar depreciation in terms of gold, President Roosevelt has now given way to the silver interests in U.S.A. to the extent of recommending immediate legislation to establish silver as one-fourth of the metallic base for the currency, the other three-fourths being gold. In order to establish the necessary reserve for this purpose the price for purchases of domestic silver is limited to 50 cents. per ounce, which compares with a market price of 43 cents. at the time of issue of Mr. Roosevelt's silver message to Congress, but a big rise in the price of silver is aimed at with the object of raising prices of commodities internationally. It is difficult at first sight to understand how this object can be achieved, since only China is on a silver standard and there are few signs at present, despite the pious hopes of the London Conference, of international agreement with regard to the future of silver.

Bi-metallism, as such, has already been proved a failure and was discarded years ago in favour of gold standard systems, and on this side of the Atlantic it is not seriously believed that a progressive state such as U.S.A. is endeavouring to lead the Old World back to a full-blooded bi-metallic standard. More likely does it seem that America is merely expanding the basis of credit by contracting the ratio of gold to currency, a move which has already been recommended by the League of Nations financial experts, though she has already £400,000,000 profit on dollar devaluation on which to inflate.

Gold and Gold Shares

A feature of the quieter markets which normally develop with the summer has been the strength of gold-mining issues which have come into favour again since the South African Government announced its intention of leaving the excess profits taxation formula where it was, confident in the belief that a further increase in the price of gold will bring the required higher tax yield. For some weeks now the price of gold has been steady around 136s. per ounce fine, and at this figure most of the South African mines look likely dividend payers to give yields to investors of about 8 per cent. Even though allowance has to be made for depreciation of the property, this return is by no means to be despised having regard to the average yield of about 4 per cent. on good

industrials, for now that gold-mining securities have emerged from the monetary crisis with enhanced reputations and prices they must be regarded as being no more speculative than the average industrial.

West African gold mines, too, are coming into their own now that the absurd boom of a few weeks back has spent its force. The most promising in this class appear to be Aristons, which can also be bought through a purchase of Akim shares, the latter company being a large holder in Ariston. These are in the dividend paying list already.

Textile Improvement

Of recent evidence of improvement in trade given by industrial companies' reports none is more welcome than that displayed by textile manufacturers. J. & P. Coats made profits for 1933 of 22,574,594 compared with £2,259,110 in the previous year and the bonus of 9d. per £ of stock, against 6d. a year ago, makes a total distribution of 13½ per cent. for the year against 12½ per cent. for 1932. Coats ordinary stock gives a yield of nearly 4½ per cent., a fair return for the class of the stock and having regard to the enormous reserves which the company has built up. English Sewing Cotton ordinary give about the same return, and earnings for last year were about 11 per cent., the dividend being 10 per cent.

Ever Ready Results

Despite the varied competition with which it has to contend, the Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) seems to go from strength to strength and during the past year the profits were increased from £343,473 to £396,923, the dividend being 35 per cent. for the year. Plant, machinery and expenditure at the new factory have been written down to £100,000 by the transfer of £279,913 from reserve. The company has over £290,000 of cash and Government securities after allowing for the purchase price of £425,000 for Lissen shares payable this month. The Ever Ready policy has always been one of expansion, and it is now proposed to increase the capital further by 2,000,000 ordinary 5s. shares in order to provide funds for offers which have been made to the shareholders of Grosvenor Electric Batteries and the preferred shareholders of Vince's Dry Batteries, and to place the directors in a position to embark on further expansion should opportunity offer.

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Insurance Problems

The Seven Ages of Man

No. 3—THE BRIDEGROOM

By A. H. Clarke

So far as life assurance is concerned, the young man about to marry is without doubt at once the most attractive and difficult person to handle. Attractive because assurance can do more for him now than at any other time, for it will protect the early years of his married life, and should anything happen to him, his wife will receive not what he has saved, but what he hoped to save. Difficult because it is almost impossible to make him think of mundane affairs, and if one does succeed in securing his attention, he is quite likely to become dangerously enthusiastic over protecting his young partner, and so fall an easy prey to an unscrupulous or ignorant salesman.

For example: Mr. Smith is a bridegroom of 27 years of age; he is in a fair position drawing a salary of £750 with good prospects. He has become alive to the importance of making provision for his wife, should anything untoward happen to him. At first he will consider nothing less than a £5,000 30-year Endowment Policy with profits. It was pointed out to him that while this was a praiseworthy thing to do, he was overloading himself—that such a policy would call for a premium of approximately £162 10s. per annum; and even allowing income tax rebate of 2s. 3d. in the £, the incurred liability could not be justified in the circumstances at this stage of his career, because his own expenses might conceivably be increased in the course of a year or so.

For 30s. a Week

The investment which this young man eventually made was: an endowment policy for £2,000 with profits, payable at 60 years of age, and coupled with the Family Protection benefit. Let us see what this meant to him.

Cost: Premium of £6 2s. paid monthly.

	£	s.	d.
Annual Gross premium ...	73	4	0
Less Income Tax rebate	8	4	8
Net ...	£64	19	4 per annum.

Or £5 8s. 4d. net monthly.

Return: (A) At 60 years of age he would receive £2,000 plus profits, a conservative estimate of which would be £1,280—that is, £3,280.

(B) Should anything happen to him in, say, the fifth year of his married life, his wife would receive an income of £300 per annum for fifteen years (i.e. 20 years from the date of the policy) and at the end of the period a cash sum of £2,000.

(C) Should he in fourteen years' time require assistance with educational fees, approximately £750 would be available for this purpose.

The above investment costs him less than 30s. per week.

The Cinema

By Mark Forrest

PIERRE LOTI'S well-known story of the Breton fishermen, "Pêcheur d'Islande," has been made into a picture, and the result can be seen at the Academy, where Anatole France's "Crainquebille" has not lasted very long. Mr. Pierre Guerlais has directed this film and has captured the simple setting effectively. I was, however, disappointed with his treatment of the story, which is altogether too static. Especially is this true of his scenes at sea, where the ultimate tragedy is not handled cinematically. Here, it seemed to me, there was an opportunity to achieve a quicker tempo, but the director studiously avoids taking it, and the picture fades away disappointingly.

The plot of "Pêcheur d'Islande" is a very thin one, having only one string of any real strength, namely, the refusal of Yann, the young giant, to marry Gaud, because he has vowed himself to the sea. He breaks his vow and the sea takes its revenge. So slender a tale naturally moves leisurely, and the pace is too slow for the camera, but the faithfulness of the reproduction of the life in Paimpol, where, incidentally, Pierre Loti wrote his book, keeps one's interest alive, and the acting is good.

Yvette Guilbert

The performance is remarkable for the appearance of Yvette Guilbert, who plays the grandmother and lives to see Gaud marry Yann. As a light "disease" there are many who have seen this actress, but few can have seen her in tragedy. Her characterisation is a very fine one, and she overshadows Marguerite Weinterberger and Thomy Bourdelle, who have the chief rôles.

It is a considerable time since I have been able to devote any space to the activities of the Tatler cinema in Shaftesbury Avenue. This little house changes its programme every week and specialises entirely in pictures of interest and news. Those who hate emotional fare—and there are many more than one would suppose—can see an extraordinary film this week, the subject of which is Krakatoa. Not only have some remarkable pictures been taken of this volcano, but the film has a wider scope, as some attempt has been made to deal with volcanos in general, though the "shots" of the crater under the sea are the finest.

In addition, for those who take an interest in golf, there is an instructive short picture dealing with St. Andrews, where we lost the Walker Cup so disastrously a fortnight ago. Abe Mitchell demonstrates certain shots here, and it is a pity that our team did not show a similar precision.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford Street (Ger. 2981)

Pierre Loti's Breton Masterpiece

'PECHEUR D'ISLANDE' (U)

with Yvette GUILBERT

and **'AUTUMN CROCUS'** (A)

Broadcasting Notes

By ALAN HOWLAND

AS the B.B.C. has done nothing very exciting this week except to make a very rude face at a Parliamentary under-Secretary I shall content myself for once in a way with a few idle musings.

In the first place I do not think any one would pretend that the B.B.C.'s munificent gift of a cardboard clock to readers of its official journal has been an unqualified success. It is a horrid little thing which any idiot could have made for himself inside five minutes. True, there are lots of noughts on it which, I suppose, makes all the difference. I find the little jigger arrangement which exposes the words "National" or "Regional" according to which way it is pushed, quite revolting.

The advice to "make an appointment" with my favourite programme is portentous and stupid. It is quite extraordinary how pompous the B.B.C. can be about even the simplest things. Still, it causes roars of laughter in the home and if gummed to a simple piece of cork makes an excellent dart-board for the kiddies.

Foreigners First

Next we have the pleasing spectacle of the B.B.C. giving us lucky listeners a Danish play and a Norwegian play. There is of course great rejoicing about this among British authors. Not long ago I was asked to write an article on "How to Write a Play for Radio." Had the title been changed to "Why Write a Play for Radio," I might have accepted the offer. The chief reason why one should do nothing of the sort is that, so long as there are sufficient German, Dutch or Spanish authors writing radio plays, any contribution from an English author is unlikely to survive the preliminary reading stage. I have had the privilege of reading one or two manuscripts which have been rejected by the B.B.C., and I can safely say that they were quite as good as any of the foreign translations which have been foisted upon us, and streets ahead of the majority of the home-made adaptations.

"Adapted for the microphone by . . ." That phrase rouses all my worst passions. I once listened to Masfield's "Pompey the Great" with a copy of the play in my hand. The "adaptation" consisted of putting the stage directions into the mouth of one or other of the characters. This was quite fun for a time, but when I saw looming ahead "Enter four centurions bearing the body of Valerius Flaccus," and immediately one of the Generals exclaimed "Here come four centurions bearing the body of Valerius Flaccus," I switched off.

The adaptation of "As You Like It" some time ago was even worse. We started off in the middle of Act II, paid a fleeting visit to Act I, picked out a few plums from Act III, dodged back to Act II, tinkered about in Act I again, and after a long and tortuous journey arrived at what I suppose was the end of the play. Adaptations indeed!

I solemnly exhort the Drama Director to realise that there are scores of competent English authors who have given up writing plays for the radio simply because they are not encouraged to try again. They feel, and they are justified in feeling, that the B.B.C. prefers adaptations from Urdu or Choctaw and likes its adaptations done on the premises. I am afraid they are only too right.

Small Craft—II

On Buying a Yacht

By P. K. KEMP

CONTRARY to general opinion, the cost of a small boat is not usually prohibitive. To a great extent, of course, it depends on individual taste, but the normal run of yachts—and I am speaking now only of small yachts—works out at rather less than the normal run of motor-cars. I am assuming that the boat is required for week-end or summer cruising. Racing yachts come in a completely different category so far as price is concerned.

Here are one or two examples of suitable cruisers. In a yachting paper now before me I have picked out the following: A four-ton sloop, sleeping two, is for sale at £80. A five-ton cutter with an auxiliary engine is priced at £110, and an eight-ton Bermuda rig cutter, built in 1928, would cost £170. Naturally, one would want to know more about the boats than the bare details given in the advertisements, but the prices are about correct for good sound boats of that class.

As a very rough rule on which to work, I suggest the following: For yachts up to ten or twelve tons, the initial cost should not exceed £20 per ton, and above that tonnage, £25-£30 per ton. That should include a dinghy and all equipment, but not an auxiliary engine. Thus, for a five-tonner, in good condition and with good equipment, one should be prepared to pay up to £100. An auxiliary engine might add £15 to £20 to that price. A satisfactory boat below that price would be a bargain.

These figures are given for second-hand boats. If you have one built to your specification, it is likely to cost you a great deal more. There is a saying that fools build boats for wise men to buy, and there is a deal of truth in it. And, when it is realised that a yacht will give honest service year after year for from forty to fifty years, any latent objections to second-hand boats fall to the ground.

Before purchase, it is always wise to have the prospective ship surveyed. Even if you are an expert yourself in assessing the soundness of timbers, etc., the services of a trained surveyor are invaluable. He knows exactly where to look for weaknesses and, moreover, being in no way an interested party in the transaction, he has no compunction in taking samples of the wood with a gimlet, or having a part of the cabin lining taken down. And, on his report, you can make your decision whether to purchase or not, with complete confidence.